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The Press Gang in the Northern Counties.

THE practice of impressing seamen to man the Royal Navy commenced in the year 1355, immediately after England had been desolated from one end to the other by a noisome pestilence, which had scarcely left a single country of Europe or Asia free from its ravages, and which had swept away near a third of the inhabitants wherever it came, about fifty thousand souls being computed to have perished by it in London alone. It was the year before Edward, the Black Prince, invaded France, on the expiration of a short truce, and won the battle of Poitiers, in which the French King John was taken prisoner. The resources of England being almost wholly drained, and every effort being required to man the army and navy, the system of the press-gang was introduced by royal proclamation.

In every emergency, subsequently to Edward III.'s time, impressment was adopted with more or less rigour. Maitland tells us that, on the morning of Easter Monday, 1596, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London received the royal command to raise a thousand men with the utmost expedition, whereupon they repaired with their deputies, constables, and other officers, to the churches, and, having caused the doors to be shut, took the people during divine service from their worship, till the number was completed. The men so raised were marched the same night for Dover. But Elizabeth having got advice of the reduction of Calais by the Spaniards, the pressed men returned to London in about a week after their departure. In King William's time, when the press were very active during the war with France, the coal trade is reckoned to have suffered, in increased wages

to seamen only, to the extent of some millions sterling. For the first three years of the war £9 a voyage was given to common seamen, who before sailed for 36s., "which," says Postlethwayt, in his huge folio, "Universal Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," "computing the number of ships and men used in the trade, and of voyages made, at eight hands to a vessel, does, moderately accounting, make £896,000 difference in one year."

Particulars of a few of the more exciting incidents connected with the operation of the impressment system in the Northern Counties may now be recorded.

On February 6th, 1755, a smart press for seamen broke out at Shields, when sixty or seventy able hands were taken by the Peggy sloop of war, which lay in a deep part of the harbour near the Low Lights, ever afterwards known as "Peggy's Hole." A few days later, there not being a sufficient number of pressed men secured, the "volunteer drum" was beat through the streets, offering a bounty of £3 to each "gentleman seaman" who should enter his Majesty's service. Next year, war having been proclaimed against France, another very hot press was made both at Shields and Newcastle, and several hundred men were taken.

On the 30th March, 1759, an unfortunate affair happened at Swalwell. A press-gang went thither in quest of men, but the inhabitants (Crowley's Crew) gave them a severe drubbing. Next night the gang returned, and another scuffle took place. One William Moffat, a barber, was seized, and Mr. Bell, one of the chief inhabitants, received five stabs with a sword in different parts of his body, in consequence of which he died. Some others, on both sides, were dangerously wounded,

including the midshipmen who headed the gang. Moffat made his escape, but a reward of £20 having been offered for his apprehension, he was arrested at Whitehaven by a man named Osborn, *alias* Captain Death, so nick-named for his performance in singing a celebrated ditty relating to the captain of the Terrible privateer, whose servant he had formerly been. Moffat was lodged in Carlisle gaol, and afterwards brought to Durham, where he was tried at the assizes in August, 1759, but acquitted.

In the same year (May 14), about thirty impressed men, on board a tender at Sunderland, forcibly made their escape. The bravery of their leader was remarkable. Being hoisted on deck by his followers, he wrested the halbert from the sentinel on duty, and with one hand defended himself, while with the other he let down a ladder into the hold for the rest to come up, which they did, and then overpowered the crew.

The following year (1760), a tender sailed from Shields with sixty impressed men on board. As soon as she had got out to sea, the men found means to release themselves, and, getting possession of the vessel, took her into Scarborough and made their escape, leaving the lieutenant and his men battened down under hatches.

A few years later (1771), the impressed men on board the Boscawen cutter, lying at Shields, found an opportunity to overpower the watch on deck, and fifteen of them escaped. The sentinel, in opposing them, lost three of his fingers by the stroke of a cutlass, and an officer was desperately wounded in the head.

On February 12th, 1777, about eight o'clock in the evening, the impressed men on board the Union tender at Shields rose upon the crew, took possession of the ship, and, notwithstanding the fire from the other tenders and from Clifford's Fort, carried her out to sea.

A memorable affair occurred at Sunderland on Feb. 13, 1783. The sailors at that port, having got liberty to go on shore, through the temporary cessation of impressment at the close of the first American war, resolved to take summary and condign vengeance on the persons who had informed against them and their mates while the press-gang was in active operation. The informers who were caught were mounted upon stout poles or stangs, and carried through the principal streets, exposed to the insults of the populace. The women, in particular, bedaubed them plentifully with rotten eggs, soap suds, mud, &c. The drummers of the North York regiment of Militia (the Black Cuffs), quartered in the town, got orders to beat to arms, and the soldiers paraded the streets, which had the effect of clearing them. Amongst the informers stanged at this time was Jonathan Coates, of Arras's Lane, Sunderland, commonly known as "Jotty Coates," who, after undergoing severe punishment on the stang, reached his home nearly dead. During the night, he heard a noise, which he supposed to be the infuriated

populace coming after him again, when he crawled into a narrow space between Arras's and Baines's Lane, where he died. The popular fury ran so high that his relatives durst not attempt to bury him in daylight, and his body lay in his house until late in the evening of the 20th, when some militiamen carried it to Sunderland Churchyard, where it was interred without any funeral ceremony. The register of burials thus records the interment:—"Jonathan Coates, February 20th, 1783."

In February, 1793, the seamen at Shields, Newcastle, Sunderland, Blyth, and all along the eastern coast, entered into resolutions to resist any attempt to press them. On Tuesday, the 19th, they got hold of the press-gang at North Shields, and, reversing their jackets, as a mark of contempt, conducted them, accompanied by a numerous crowd, to Chirton toll-bar, where, dismissing them, they gave them three cheers, and told them never again to enter Shields, or they should be torn limb from limb. On the 18th of the ensuing month, the sailors to the number of 500 assembled in a riotous manner, armed with swords, pistols, and other weapons, and made an attempt to seize the Eleanor tender, in order to rescue the impressed men on board. But their design was rendered abortive by the activity of the officers of the impressment service. The seamen, next day, contemplated going to Newcastle to break up the head-quarters of the gang; but, hearing that a strong civil and military force (including the Dragoons and North York Militia) were ready to receive them, they dispersed, after having treated one George Forster, a member of the gang, with the utmost cruelty at Howdon Pans. On the 26th April, most extraordinary preparations for impressing were made by the crews of the armed vessels lying in Shields harbour. That night, the regiment lying at Tynemouth barracks was drawn up, and formed into a cordon round North Shields, to prevent any person from escaping. The different press-gangs then began their rounds, when sailors, mechanics, labourers, and men of every description, to the number of about two hundred and fifty, were forced on board the armed ships.

It would be tedious to describe, or even enumerate, the various press-gang riots, similar to the above, which took place on the Tyne and Wear almost every season down to the peace of Amiens. After the resumption of hostilities in 1803, the like scenes began again to be acted. The coal trade was constantly being thrown out of gear, so to speak, through the best men on board the colliers being dragged away, and the keelmen likewise forcibly pounced upon. In the month of April, 1804, a young seaman, named Stoddart, being pursued by the press-gang down the Broad Chare, Newcastle, jumped into the Tyne to escape, and was drowned in attempting to swim across to Gateshead.

Where brute force would have failed or been out of place, all sorts of discreditable arts were tried by the press-gang. Jonathan Martin, the man who set fire to

York Minster, relates, in his autobiography, how he was inveigled by one of the gang. He says:—

In my twenty-second year (1804), I removed to London, my mind being intent on travelling to foreign countries. One day, while viewing the Monument, a man accosted me, perceiving that I was a stranger in town, and inquired if I wanted a situation. I informed him of my desire to go abroad. He said he could suit me exactly, as a gentleman of his acquaintance had a son on board a frigate on the Indian station, who wanted a person of my description, and that he would give me 32s. a week, besides my chance of prize money, which he assured me would be great. I agreed to go as a substitute for this man, unconscious that I was in the hands of the press-gang; but I was soon undeceived by my pretended friend lodging me in the rendezvous, where I remained until I was removed on board the *Enterprise*, with a number of other impressed men. When I came to be sworn in, I found myself on a footing with the rest of my unfortunate companions.

Strange incidents occasionally took place in connection with the press system. In 1813 (February 18) a sailor named Bell, belonging to the *Close*, Newcastle, was impressed, and safely lodged in the house of rendezvous. In the evening, his sister, a young woman under twenty, formed the resolution of attempting his rescue, and, for that purpose, went to take a "long farewell" of her brother, who was to be sent to the tender in the morning. She was readily admitted to an interview, but, in order to prevent the possibility of escape, brother and sister were bolted and barred, for a few minutes, in a room by themselves. During this short space, they managed to exchange clothes, and, on the door being opened, the young man, "snivelling and piping his eye," walked off unmolested in female attire, while his sister remained to fill the situation of a British tar. "It would be difficult," says a writer in the *European Magazine*, who tells the story, "to describe the rage and disappointment of the gang on discovering how they had been duped; and crowds of persons went to see the heroine, who received several pounds from the spectators as a reward for her intrepidity and affection. She was soon restored to her liberty by order of the magistrates."

The head-quarters of the gang in Newcastle were at the Plough Inn, in Spicer Lane, where a room down the yard was the "press room." The gang was at one time commanded by Lieut. Frazer, two midshipmen, a man named Corby, and another named Richardson. Both the latter had been in the coasting trade before the war, and subsided into river pilots after its close. One of them was years afterwards "tyler" of a Freemasons' Lodge, and, falling into reduced circumstances, found no small difficulty in obtaining the usual benevolence of the brethren in consequence of his past misdeeds.

The "regulating room" was in that part of the Low Street of North Shields called Bell Street, near the "Wooden Dolly," on the Custom House Quay. The "regulating captain" was one Charlton, who had under him a lieutenant, named Flynn, and two midshipmen, named Fidler and Bell. Two tenders, the *Eliza* and the *Lyra*, took their turns on the station in "Peggy's Hole,"

to carry off the sweepings of the gang—one of whom, by the bye, was a one-legged man, named Harry Swallow—to the *Lemio*, the guard-ship at the Nore.

We are indebted to a well-informed writer, whose article appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* several years ago, for the following particulars, which seem necessary to complete our present sketch:—

Besides the regular gang, there was a small knot of amateur spies and informers, who travelled the country for miles round, tracking the sailors to Morpeth and other inland parts, if they sought shelter with their friends from forcible abduction. These vagabond auxiliaries of the gang, skilful to recognise the sailor's roll through the disguises of long-tailed coats, leather aprons, drab gaiters, and other vain subterfuges, represented themselves to be in hiding, lured the sailors to their own dwellings, and then gave secret information to the gang. It fared ill sometimes with these gentry when they were found out. On one of these occasions, in the year 1812, a spy, who repaired to the regulating room at Shields to receive the head money for the men he had betrayed, was smuggled down a trap-door leading on to the shore, but was recognised and followed. He soon fled for his life, with a mob of sailors and keelmen at his heels, up the Low Street, and took shelter in a house in Bartleman's Bank. The door was broken open, and he was thrown down, like a fox to a pack of hungry hounds, but doubled on his pursuers, who followed him full cry till he was run to earth in the hothouse in Squire Collingwood's gardens at Chirton. Scourged with whin bushes, he was made to run the gantelope to the Low Lights. Tradesmen put up their shutters, and the peaceable inhabitants shrunk within doors, for the disturbance had assumed the dimensions of a riot. Opposite the tender the mob gave three hearty cheers to let the imprisoned seamen know what was being enacted. The men, battered under hatches, by way of response, "sallied" the tender till she rolled almost gunwale under, and the officer on board ordered the armed crew to fire into the hold upon the unarmed men if they did not desist. Under these threats something like order was restored. The spy was rescued from the hands of his tormentors by a rush of the friends of peace who came to the assistance of the two constables, then the whole civil force of North Shields, and he was dragged, panting, bleeding, mud-bedraggled, wounded, and half-dead, into the Northumberland Arms, to limp home under the cloud of night, and resume his honest labours for the public good. In 1815 he had another narrow escape for his life. At Low Heaton Haugh, then called "Dunny's Green," he was tarred and feathered, beaten by the women—who put stones in their stockings for the purpose—and he owed his life to the forbearance of the men he had betrayed, who rescued him from his more merciless tormentors of the other sex.

The press-gang drove many thousands of active, able-bodied British seamen into the American merchant navy as well as sent them a-privateering against their fellow-countrymen in the last American War. Indeed, that war was partly caused by the wanton exercise of the right of search claimed by the British Government, whose officers were accused of taking naturalised American citizens out of American vessels, on the ground that they were his Majesty's born subjects, and pressing them into King George's service. On the other hand, it was no uncommon thing for British seamen, captured by the enemy, to recognise old shipmates in the masters and sailors by whom they were made prisoners. Under this abominable system, it was estimated that there were at least forty thousand British seamen, in the year 1812, navigating merchant ships in neutral vessels under cover of

American protections. That was when the whole tonnage of the United Kingdom in the merchant and transport service employed only about 120,000 men.

Impressment, as may be inferred from what we have said, laid its unsparing hands upon useless landmen as well as upon seamen; and, notwithstanding the fact that they were always inefficient, it continued to be the practice, so long as the system lasted, to receive on board his Majesty's ships any landmen whom the gang could pick up, if they were not physically disqualified. Lord Collingwood, who deservedly earned the honourable title of the Sailors' Friend, was ever adverse to impressment, which he was of opinion might be dispensed with, even in war time. Soon after the Mutiny of the Nore, he laid a plan before the Admiralty for recruiting the navy by raising yearly several thousand boys, whom he would have had taught and prepared in ships of the line before they were sent into smaller vessels. But, like many other excellent schemes of the kind, it was never carried into effect, though the modern training ships, such as the *Wellesley*, may be called a modification of it.

The system of impressment has not been put in force for many years now, nor is it likely that it will ever be revived.

The Black Cock of Whickham.

MUCH interest has from time to time been excited in the origin and meaning of a couplet that is well-known on the banks of the Tyne. It has recently been revived by a correspondence which has taken place in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The lines run thus:—

The Black Cock of Whickham, he never ran away,
But once on the Sunday, and twice every day.

One writer explains that the "black cock" was a certain rector who, being too fond of his glass, often ran away from his duties, while another asserts that the term was applied to Charles Attwood, the celebrated politician, whose career has been sketched in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888, p. 56. But Mr. William Bourn writes from Whickham:—

The couplet has been applied not only to Charles Attwood, but to any celebrity, and especially to runners, rowers, and bowlers, that either were trained in or belonged to Whickham. When the lines were composed, I am not prepared to say. They have been repeated for at least 150 years, old people now living having heard them sung by their grandfathers.

Why the couplet was written may be more easily explained. Cock-fighting was once a favourite sport of the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, as well as of the keelmen and pitmen. There is an entry made in the books at Gibside of Sir J. Bowes engaging workmen to make eight cock-pits at Whickham, one of which—and I believe the last—has lately been filled up at Windy Hill, about a mile out of the village. There was another famous cock-pit at Dunston Hill, and one on the site where the Swalwell Station is built. The last vestige

of the brutal sport has now disappeared from the village. There were several famous breeds of cocks. One of them belonged to Sir J. Bowes, being white with yellow backs. Another belonged to Sir H. Liddell, white with "brass" wings. There was also a breed of black cocks. To whom it belonged I am unable to ascertain. But undoubtedly it was one of this famous breed which has obtained for itself such a world-wide reputation for courage and endurance. It must have lived two centuries ago, and hence the guesses about the origin of the lines.

The tune sung and played to the couplet repeated is, I believe, strictly local, and rather inspiring. By reason of the roving habits of North-Countrymen, it is known in nearly all our colonies. A friend of mine who had been in Australia informed me that he was both startled and pleased on one occasion, when he and others were transacting business in the bush among the wilds of that country, to hear the tune played by a fiddler. It turned out that the player was a Sunderland man who had gone to make his fortune as a goldfinder, and had taken his fiddle with him.

Mr. John Stokoe, of South Shields, the compiler of the "North-Country Garland of Song," agrees with Mr. Bourn as to the improbability of a song having ever been sung to the tune, which is essentially a fiddlers' tune. The intervals, he says, show it to be of the usual type of reels, possessing all the best characteristics of the "reel rhythm," although he has never seen it in any collection of reels printed north of the Tweed. Mr. Stokoe adds:—

When the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle began in 1857 to collect the melodies and ballads of Northumbria, the committee made a close search for the songs of which only scraps of words were known, such as "Shew's the Way to Wallington," "Sir John Fenwick's the Flower Among Them," "Fenwick of Bywell," "The Black Cock of Whickham," &c., &c.; and I regret to say in few instances only were they successful, failing altogether in the four I have named.

The tune subjoined is taken from "Northumbrian Minstrelsy," published in 1882, edited by Mr. Stokoe and the Rev. J. Collingwood Bruce, LL.D.

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THE BLACK COCK OF WHICKHAM.



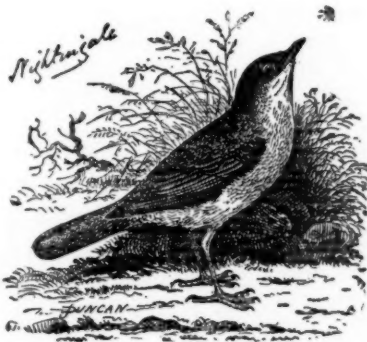
D.C.

The Nightingale and other Warblers.



ACCORDING to Morris, the nightingale (*Sylvia luscinia*) is found in Italy, France, Spain, and Greece, and the more temperate parts of Siberia, Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Germany, and Russia. It is known also in Asia, Asia Minor, and Syria, and in Egypt, along the Nile. Nightingales are plentiful in England. They have been seen in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, and near York, at Skelton, about five miles north of the ancient city; near Beverley, Barnsley, Leeds, and Sheffield; Cumberland, as far north as Carlisle. Woods, groves, plantations, and copses are the nightingale's favourite resort, but it is also found in gardens, even in the neighbourhood of London, and also among thick hedges in shady and sheltered situations.

Nightingales feed on insects of various sorts, including spiders and earwigs. The young are fed principally with caterpillars. Male: Weight about six drachms; length, six inches and three-quarters. The upper bill is blackish brown, with a tinge of red; the lower one is pale yellowish, and dusky brown at the tip; iris, dark brown; the feathers of the eyelids brownish white; head, crown, neck on the back, and nape, uniform dull chestnut brown; chin and throat, dull greyish white; breast, pale greyish brown, but lighter lower down; back, reddish brown, varying considerably in different individuals, some

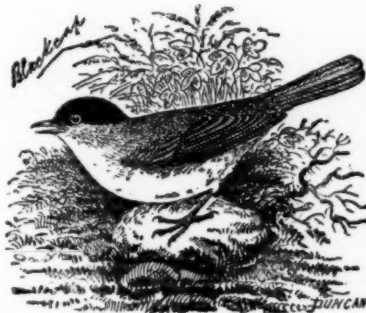


being more red and others more grey. The wings, of eighteen quills, have the first quill feather very short; the second equal in length to the fifth; the third the longest; the fourth almost as long. They extend to the width of ten inches and a half; primaries, secondaries, and tertiaries, reddish brown; the inner webs dusky brown. The tail, which reaches an inch and a quarter beyond the closed wings, is rufous brown, and rather rounded at the end. It is straight and rather long; the feathers rather broad. Under tail coverts dull yellowish

white. The female resembles the male, but is rather less in size.

The nest is generally placed on the ground in some natural hollow in the roots of a tree, on a bank, or at the foot of a hedgerow.

The blackcap warbler (*Sylvia atricapilla*) is a spring and autumn migrant. It is such a fine songster that it is sometimes called the mock nightingale. It must not, however, be confounded with the black-headed bunting. "This charming songster," says Mr. Hancock, "is found



in all our dens and thickets where there is a dense growth of underwood or scrub, formed by the blackthorn, bramble, rose, and honeysuckle. Here it constructs its nest, and finds the seclusion in which it delights. It arrives in April and leaves us in September, and at that time may be met with on the coast. Individuals, however, winter in the district. Mr. Dale, of Brancepeth, Durham, shot a male on the 15th December, 1848, in his garden, where it was feeding on the berries of the privet; and about two years afterwards the same gentleman killed a female, likewise in December, and near the same place." The Rev. J. G. Wood waxed eloquent in speaking of the song of this bird, which, in some respects, he rates even higher than that of the nightingale. "With the exception of the nightingale," he remarks, "the blackcap warbler is the sweetest and richest of all the British song-birds, and in many points the voice of the blackcap is even superior to that of the far-famed Philomel."

The male bird averages from five to six inches in length, sometimes a little more. The bill is dusky-hued; and the crown of the head, or "cap," is black, slightly flecked with a lighter tinge. The chin and root of the bill to the gape is yellowish orange up to the eye, and merges into a bluish-grey patch which runs to the shoulder; iris, dark brown. The back is brownish ash-coloured, the wing coverts being darker and edged with black. The throat, breast, and under parts are ash-coloured, with a tinge of grey beneath. The tail, grey beneath, is coloured above like the wings, rather long,

and square at the end. The female resembles the male, but her plumage generally has a more brownish tinge. She is a trifle larger, or rather longer, than her mate, and her cap, unlike that of the male, is reddish brown.

The food of the blackcap warbler in summer is chiefly insects and caterpillars, but it is also fond of garden fruit and wild berries. On a sunny summer's afternoon it may often be seen fluttering about the trunks of trees, picking off the metallic-hued flies which love to bask on the warm boles. Often the bird catches flies on the wing by a rapid dart from some low branch.

The garden warbler (*Sylvia hortensis*) is a spring and



autumn migrant. "This warbler," says Mr. Hancock, "takes up its residence, during its summer sojourn with us, in sequestered localities similar to those chosen by its rival in song, the blackcap. The nest and eggs of the two species are very similar; and their song is so very much alike that it is very difficult to distinguish them." The

bird arrives in this country about April, and leaves early in September.

The male bird is about six inches long. The bill is dusky brown, the base and edges of the lower mandible yellow, and the inside of the mouth a bright orange. The iris of the eye is dark brown, with a small speck of white. The crown of the head and the upper part of the back are greyish brown, the plumage down to the root of the tail, above, being of a lighter tinge, with a dash of olive. The wings and tail are nearly the same colour as the head and upper part of the back. The neck on the sides is brownish grey; chin and throat, yellowish white, the lower and upper parts tinged with reddish brown, as are the sides; the remainder yellowish white, almost white below. The tail is straight and slightly rounded at the end; and the toes and claws are greyish brown. The female closely resembles the male in size and appearance, but is rather lighter coloured in plumage above, and greyer below.

The nest is sometimes placed among nettles, on which account the bird is often called the nettle creeper.

Prudhoe Castle and the Unfrabilles.

PRUDHOE, from Proud Hoe, the proud hill, or Prut How, the swelling mound, is a prosperous mining village on the south bank of the Tyne, some nine miles or so west of Newcastle. The river at this place begins to show traces of that beauty which, higher up, at Stocksfield and Riding Mill, renders the Tyne one of the most



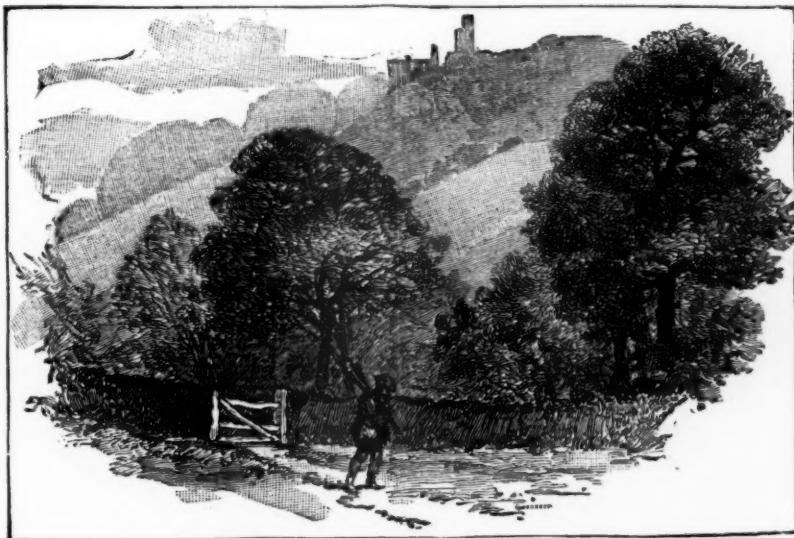
charming of North-Country streams. On the north bank, the picturesque village of Ovingham, in which parish Prudhoe is situated, nestles amongst its trees, the tower of its ancient church being a rare feature in the landscape. On a stately mount between the river and the village of Prudhoe stands the fine old castle of the Umfravilles. Long has it been in ruins, though to-day the modern mason has been at his patchwork, building up a nineteenth century dwelling-house, as well as he could, in the midst of mouldering, tottering walls.

The first of the Umfraville family who came into Northumberland was a companion of William the Conqueror—Robert cum Barba, Robert with the Beard. To him the barony of Prudhoe was granted for the honourable service of defending the country against wolves and the King's enemies with the sword which William himself wore when he entered Northumbria. The old barony extended to Harlow and Welton in the parish of Ovingham, Inghoe in the parish of Stamfordham, Chipchase and Birtley in the parish of Chollerton, Little Bavington right away in the parish of Throckington, even to Capheaton and Harle and Kirkwhelpington in the parish of Whelpington, and also included the manor and chapelry of Little Heaton, or Kirk Heaton.

Do you ask what the Umfravilles did to entitle them to fame? They did what others did in the times in which they lived; helped the Norman kings and barons to rule England, no easy task at that time; fought in their wars, took part in the long Border struggles with the Scots, and worked to re-make Northumberland after it had been almost, what with Danes, what with Nor-

mans, and what with Scots, blotted out. He who built the oldest portion of the castle of Prudhoe, Odenel de Umfraville, was one of the chief supporters of Henry II. against the aggressions of the Scots. When it was built, not without much sweating and wearing of bones and muscles on the part of the peasantry on the estates, Odenel defended it, like the noble soldier that he was, against the army brought by William the Lion, in 1174, to devastate England. In that invasion his own castle of Harbottle was taken by the Scottish King, the castle of Warkworth was captured and destroyed, and Carlisle and Werk were surrendered. At Newcastle the Lion King was repulsed, and then betook himself to Prudhoe, but there again his attempt was frustrated, and he was afterwards surprised and taken prisoner with some of his attendants at Alnwick. Jordan Fantosme, in his metrical chronicle, tells us that Prudhoe was admirably defended. Odenel de Umfraville, fearing the garrison too weak to hold the castle, rode away on horseback day and night till he succeeded in getting together four hundred knights to help him. After three days' continual assault, the Scots, who had made no impression whatever on the defenders, abandoned the siege, having first, in their disappointment and chagrin at not being able to do more damage, ravaged the gardens, the cornfields, and the goodly orchard, in which they barked all the apple trees. Fine sport this for the noble warriors of a king's army!

Richard de Umfraville, who died in the eleventh year of the reign of Henry III., having lived all through King John's reign, was engaged in the chief transactions in the North during the whole of his life, and took a prominent



DISTANT VIEW OF PRUDHOE CASTLE.

part in resisting the usurpation and exactions of that monarch. Richard was, too, a companion of Cœur de Lion in the East, and we learn from Harding that, when the King had concluded a three years' truce with Saladin, "home he went"—

And of Acres he made then captain
The Baron bold Sir Richard Umfraville.

Richard's son, Gilbert, although nothing has come down to us of his deeds, is highly extolled by the chronicler, Matthew Paris, who terms him "the illustrious baron, the defender of the North, and the flower of chivalry." His son, also Gilbert, was made Earl of Angus under peculiar circumstances by Edward I. He was first styled Earl of Angus in a charter granting him a market at Overton, on his Rutlandshire estate, in the fifty-first year of Henry III. But he was not summoned to Parliament under this title till the fifth year of Edward I., and, yet, several times later, he is summoned, not as Earl of Angus, but as Gilbert de Umfraville.

Gilbert, the third Earl of Angus, married Matilda de Lucy, an heiress, who had as her second husband Henry de Percy, Earl of Northumberland, to whom she brought, besides her other great possessions, the castles of Cocker-

mouth, Warkworth, and Prudhoe. These estates were settled on the Earl of Northumberland on condition of his quartering the arms of Lucy—namely, gules, three lucies argent—with the Percy bearings of or, a lion rampant, azure, in all shields, banners, and coats-of-arms, as may now be seen. Thenceforth Prudhoe shared the fortunes of the Percies, and by them was later to be held rebelliously against the Crown. The aged Earl of Northumberland and his son, the gallant Hotspur, who considered themselves chiefly instrumental in placing Henry IV. on the throne, became dissatisfied with that monarch's wretched administration, and rebuked the king and his council for their want of consideration of the Percies, to whom they were so indebted for their services on the Scottish marches, and to whom the king himself was under considerable pecuniary obligations. Their reasonable appeals being slighted, the Percies took part with Owen Glendower in his Welsh outbreak. The fiery Hotspur perished at Shrewsbury, and the Earl of Northumberland was obliged to take refuge across the Border, whence he made various raids and ineffectual attempts to create insurrections. The earl was finally killed at Bramham Moor, his body being quartered and exposed at Lincoln, York, Newcastle, and



Berwick. Meantime, Henry personally besieged Warkworth, and Prudhoe and Alnwick were compelled to surrender. The castle and barony of Prudhoe, with the rest of their estates, were forfeited, but were afterwards restored to the Percies, who, with slight breaks, have ever since retained them.

During the Wars of the Roses, the castle of Prudhoe



was kept in a state of fortification, but there is no noteworthy incident connected with it. After the accession of the Tudor line, it was neglected, and allowed to fall into decay. Lodge says it was tenanted in 1557 by Henry Percy, brother of Thomas, Earl of Northumberland; but two years later it is described as "old and ruinous, being walled about, and in form not much unlike a shield hanging with one point upwards, situate upon a high moate of earth, with high ditches in some places, all wrought with man's hand as it seemeth, and is of cement, all the scite of it, with, as it seemeth, a little garden plat, and the bankes, by estimacion, *sc. iii* acres. There is within the scite, and without the walls, an elder chapell, which hath been very fair, and covered with slate."

Prudhoe Castle is entered from the south-west by a strong gateway and barbican, which latter is assumed, from the character of the masonry, to be the latest portion of the structure. From marks on the stones it is estimated that it was built at the close of the reign of Edward I. by Gilbert de Umfraville, second Earl of Angus, or by his nephew, third earl; and it is conjectured, according to these same stone marks, that the workmen who built it laboured also in a similar capacity at Dunstanburgh and Alnwick. At the time when the barbican was built, the

upper chamber in the gateway tower was converted into a chapel, which, it is worthy of note, contains the first oriel window that was ever made in England. Various theories have been propounded to account for this notable departure, some averring that the room was not large enough to contain an altar, and consequently a portion of the building was carried out on corbels to give the requisite space. But the most likely way of accounting for it is one given by Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates, who knows perhaps more about the old Northumbrian castles than anybody living. He thinks that, the topmost storey, above the chapel, being used as a sleeping apartment, probably by the priest, and it being against all practice to have any inhabited structure above the altar, this oriel window was carried out beyond the walls of the gateway, so that nothing—especially no such thing as a bedroom—should intervene between the most sacred part of the chapel and the vault of heaven. Another notable feature in the architecture of the gateway is the purity of moulding in the very fine double corbels at the base of the inside arch. Moreover, except in the Cathedral at Durham, it is uncommon to find two heads, as here, side by side, in a corbel. The outer and inner gateways, connected by strong walls, were in ruins as early as in Queen Elizabeth's time, but they are believed to have carried a covered way. The interior of the castle walls is an indeterminate ruin, a conglomeration of crumbling towers, of which the noblest are the remains of the grand old keep, which still overtops all the other buildings.

Hutchinson, who has accurately described Prudhoe



Castle as he saw it, says :—"The first gateway is formed by a circular arch; and by the fragments and broken walls it evidently appears that it was originally flanked with various outworks, and had a tower. This gate gives admittance to a covered way, leading to the inner gate, about 30 paces in length. There is a sallyport opening on each side to flank the walls and defend the ditch. There is no appearance of a portcullis in either gateway. The second gateway is also formed by a circular arch, above which is a high tower, the windows showing that it contained three tiers of apartments. A lattice or open gate still remains jointed with studs of iron. The roof of the gateway is arched in semi-circles, with an aperture in the centre from whence those in the upper chamber might annoy an enemy who had forced the gate. From thence you enter an area, now so blocked up by the buildings of a farm-yard and tenement that it is not possible to form any idea of its original magnitude, though it appears by the other parts that an open area had surrounded the great tower, which does not show any remains of communication with the outworks, but seems to have stood apart on an eminence in the centre. The outward wall was defended on the angle to the south-west by a large square bastion with loopholes; to the north-west by a circular tower containing several tiers of low chambers, singular in their form and height. The inhabitants could not have stood erect in them at the time of defence. Towards the river, and northward, the wall is guarded by several small square bastions, and towards the south-east a small mount, placed within the walls, overlooks the ditch which guards the southern side and terminates at the brink of the cliffs. The large tower is in ruins, only the southern wall now standing, and not one bastion remains entire, they being all in ruins towards the area. A passage runs in the centre of the wall from bastion to bastion. Steps ascend in several places from the area to the top of the wall, which is broad enough to allow the armed men of the garrison to pass each other, covered with a parapet."

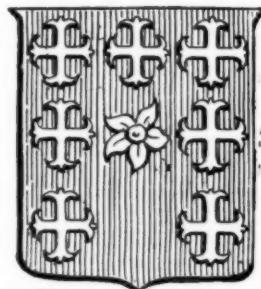
After Mr. Hutchinson's time, the structure suffered considerable dilapidations, and part of the main tower tumbled down; but the Duke of Northumberland subsequently put the whole in a state of repair, and adopted measures to preserve the remains. Apartments were also built within the area of the castle, but in a most wretched taste, quite out of keeping with the venerable walls, for the accommodation of a resident steward.

The older parts of the castle were probably erected during the reigns of Stephen and Henry II., when so many other baronial fortresses were built. The barbican and chapel are said to belong to the reign of Edward I. or the early part of that of his unhappy successor; but the lancet windows must have been put in subsequently.

From an inquisition held in the 18th year of King Edward II. it appears that Robert de Umfraville held on the day of his death, sixteen years before, the castle and

manor of Prudhoe, with an orchard belonging to the manor. The castle and orchard were worth £1 per annum in times of peace, but worth nothing then, on account of the destructions of the Scots and the poverty of the country. The pigeon-house was worth one shilling per annum in times of peace, then nothing, for the pigeons were destroyed. One hundred and twenty acres of land in demesne was worth sixpence per acre per annum in times of peace, then nothing, for they lay waste in the lord's hands for want of tenants. Six acres of meadow were worth in times of peace sixpence per acre per annum, then twopence. And five bondages, each containing a toft and sixteen acres of land, were then worth nothing per annum, for want of tenants. This gives us a curious insight into the state of the North of England six hundred years ago.

The arms of the Umfravilles are: Gules, a cinquefoil within an orle of crosses patonce or. The crest is: Out of a mural coronet gules, a griffin's head issuant, ermine. The coat of arms may be seen sculptured on the battle-



Umfraville.

ment of the south front of the walls of the Elsdon parsonage—one of the most interesting buildings in the county. These arms are, as Hodgson conjectures, those of Sir Robert Taylboys, who was descended from a branch of the Umfravilles. The inscription below the arms is R. D. Rede, which, being interpreted, signifies, Robertus Dominus de Rede, or, as the vulgar tongue hath it, Robert, Lord of Rede. It may, however, refer either to Sir Robert Taylboys, as stated above, or to Sir Robert Umfraville, who died in 1436, shortly after some important repairs had been made to Elsdon Castle. It may not be out of the way to draw attention to the similarity of these arms of the Umfravilles to those of the Umfreilles of Langham, in Essex, and no doubt the latter are a branch of the same Norman family that came over with the Conqueror. They are: Gules, an orle of crosses flory, and cinquefoil or; and the crest is an eagle's head couped (couped) p'per (proper) out of a ducal crown or.

Men of Mark Twiſt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Melford.

John Fenwick, F.S.A.,

ATTORNEY AND ANTIQUARY.

SEVERAL members of the race of Fenwick have become at various times citizens of Newcastle; a few of them have achieved distinction in the public life of the town, Nicholas Fenwick, to whom Ambrose Barnes surrendered his alderman's gown, and Vicar March dedicated his sermon, "The False Prophet Unmasked," filled the office of Sheriff in the municipal year 1678-79, and was Mayor in 1682-83 and 1697-98. Robert Fenwick became Mayor in 1708. Nicholas Fenwick (2) obtained the shrievalty in 1713, and was five times Mayor—1720-21, 1726-27, 1736-37, 1746-47, and 1747-48. He contested the borough as Parliamentary candidate on three successive occasions (1727, 1734, and 1741), and in each instance was successful. His town residence was the mansion in Pilgrim Street, afterwards converted into the Queen's Head Inn, and now the home of the Liberal Club; his country seat was at Lemington, near Alnwick, where he distinguished himself in forestry, for which he was honoured with the gold medal of the Society of Arts. Cuthbert Fenwick, passing through the shrievalty in 1719-20, filled the office of chief magistrate in 1727-28, and 1739-40. William Fenwick was sheriff in 1732, and John Fenwick was elected an alderman in 1836.

John Fenwick, the last of the series, attorney-at-law, known to his contemporaries as "John the Baptist," claimed descent from the historical family at Wallington, through one Ambrose Fenwick, who, he asserted, was a son of Sir William Fenwick, of Wallington, and therefore brother, or half-brother, to Sir William Fenwick, of Meldon, whose mother (Sir William of Wallington's second wife) was the famous Meg of Meldon. It is to be observed that no such person as this Ambrose occurs in Hodgson's elaborate genealogies of the Fenwicks, and if Mr. Fenwick's claim be well founded, it must be assumed that Mr. Hodgson overlooked him. To whom Ambrose Fenwick was married does not appear, but it is stated that the Rev. Edward Fenwick, Vicar of Stamfordham, in the reign of William and Mary, was his immediate descendant. From that point all is clear. There was a Rev. Edward Fenwick, who succeeded Ralph Fenwick, A.M., in the living of Stamfordham about the end of Charles the First's reign, and held the appointment for many years. He married in May, 1685, a daughter of Sir Francis Liddell, of Redheugh, who is supposed to have been the Sheriff of Newcastle in 1640, and the Mayor of that town in 1664.

Upon the death of Sir Francis, the Rev. Edward

Fenwick, in right of his wife, became possessed of Redheugh, and having two sons destined for the Church he exchanged that property with his "relative," the Earl of Derwentwater, for the advowson of Simonburn, one of the richest rectories in the diocese. The earl had married Catherine, one of the daughters of Sir William Fenwick, of Meldon, and would, therefore, if Ambrose were a brother or a half-brother of Sir William, be a near relative indeed. His lordship entered at once into possession of Redheugh, for the occupant of the rectory of Simonburn was over ninety years of age, and it was supposed that no great delay would occur in effecting a complete interchange. But almost directly after the transaction had been arranged, the Rebellion of 1715 broke out. Lord Derwentwater, as is well known, was one of the leaders in the insurrection, was attainted a rebel, and all his property became forfeit to the Crown. Thus the Rev. Edward Fenwick found himself deprived of his wife's estate, and shut out of Simonburn, through no fault of his own—truly a hard case.

Pending suits against the Government for the restitution of one or the other of these properties (which were resisted on the ground that the exchange was simoniacal), in December, 1730, the baffled clergyman died, leaving to his two clerical sons but a poor inheritance. The elder of them, Ambrose, had succeeded to the living of Stamfordham on the resignation of his father in 1719; the other son, Edward, had been inducted vicar of Kirkwhelpington in 1720. Ambrose married Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Bradley, attorney, at Gateshead, and died childless in 1732. Edward thereupon embarked in a new suit to oust the nominees of the Crown from Simonburn, and, being unsuccessful, died heartbroken in July, 1734, leaving a widow, two sons, and six daughters in comparative poverty. Edward, his eldest son, was brought up by Mr. Fenwick, of Bywell, and designed for holy orders, but preferring a trade, he was bound apprentice to Mr. Toppin, a saddler, at Hexham. Subsequently he entered the army, and died abroad. His eldest son, also named Edward, was befriended by Sir Walter Blackett, who, it is said, believing him to be entitled to the estates of the celebrated Dorothy Windsor, took possession of one of them in the name of the infant, and, being ejected, secured a sum of money for the youth, which was paid over to him when he had served his time at Hexham to his father's business of a saddler. This Edward Fenwick married Mary, daughter of John Shield, of Catton, and became the father of John Fenwick, attorney, the subject of the present article.

John Fenwick was born at Hexham, April 14, 1787. His father intended him to follow the sea, towards which he had a boyish predilection, and with that view he was taught navigation by George Brown, a local mathematician, for many years editor of the "Newcastle Tide Tables." At the age of fourteen he went as cabin boy in

a Shields vessel, stayed long enough to be promoted to the cook's galley, and then, conceiving a disgust at his surroundings, returned home and was articled to a Newcastle attorney. On the 9th of June, 1814, he married Ann, youngest daughter of Abram Rumney, head master of Alnwick Grammar School, and began to make his way in the town. The first number of Mr. Joseph Clark's *Northumberland and Newcastle Monthly Magazine* (January, 1818) contains an article from his pen, dated "Shield Field, November 20, 1817," introducing a case relating to the practice of the Mayor and Sheriff's Court, in Newcastle—the publication of which extended over several subsequent issues, and was supposed to correct some errors into which Wallis in his "History of Northumberland," and the Rev. John Hodgson in the "Picture of Newcastle," had unwittingly fallen. Before long Mr. Fenwick had become connected with the public life of Newcastle in many different directions. A staunch and argumentative Baptist, he interested himself in most of the leading Nonconformist movements of the day, while, as an evangelical dissenter, he co-operated with members of other denominations in promoting general schemes of piety and benevolence. Among these latter may be noted the providing of a cemetery for the interment of Nonconformists at the junction of Elswick Lane with Arthur's Hill—a project that received its first impulse from a speech which he delivered in Newcastle in 1825, and afterwards published as a pamphlet.

Moving thus actively in public matters, he became in time local treasurer to the Baptist Missionary Society, the Religious Tract Society, and the Newcastle Benevolent Society, and a member of the managing committees of the local Indigent and Sick Society, the Sunday School Union, the Bible Society, the Bethel Union, the Anti-Slavery Society, and kindred organisations. A founder and active promoter of the Newcastle and Gateshead Law Society, he was honoured by election to the successive offices of vice-president and president of the society; an early member of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, he filled in after life the post of treasurer to that flourishing institution.

At the elections which followed the passing of the Municipal Reform Act of 1835, Mr. Fenwick was nominated as one of seventeen suitable persons to represent the burgesses of South St. Andrew's Ward in the Reformed Town Council. He was not elected, but at the first meeting of the new Council he was appointed an alderman, receiving twenty votes, being one vote more than Mr. James Hodgson, who stood at the bottom of the list. For some reason or other the position did not fit Mr. Fenwick. He attended eight out of twenty meetings of the Council, and then resigned.

Mr. Fenwick was associated with John Trotter Brockett, John Adamson, and others in the formation of the Newcastle Typographical Society. Though he

wrote very little himself, he printed more tracts in the society's name than any other member, numbering indeed nearly a third of the whole series.

To the "*Archæologia Æliana*" Mr. Fenwick contributed nothing of his own, but he produced from his extensive collection relating to the Derwentwater family materials which enabled Mr. Longstaffe and the Rev. James Raine to add to the first three volumes of the octavo edition of that excellent publication a series of papers of great interest and value. In the first volume appear—"Francis Radclyffe, First Earl of Derwentwater," and "Sir Edward Radclyffe, of Dilston." In the second volume are "The Heirs General to Radclyffe of Derwentwater" and "Extracts from the Accounts of the Steward of Sir Francis Radclyffe, Bart., at Dilston, from June, 1686, to June, 1687"; while in volume three come "The Markets, Fairs, and Mills of Morpeth," and "Discontinuance of an Action against a Recusant." His son, John Clerevaux Fenwick, contributed to the same volume (iii.) an interesting paper on "Bagpipes and Pipe Music."

Mr. Fenwick died in Newcastle on the 10th of April, 1867, at the age of eighty.

Sir John Fife,

POLITICAL AND MUNICIPAL REFORMER.

Among the fiery leaders who, sixty years ago, conducted the campaign upon Tyneside in favour of Parliamentary Reform and Municipal Freedom, the most dashing, if not the most daring or the most enduring, was the popular doctor, the bold huntsman, and the polished gentleman, who was known throughout the Northern Counties as "young Mr. Fife."

John Fife was a son of William Fife, a Newcastle surgeon, who practised his profession, at the beginning of the century, in Denton Chare, and afterwards till his death in 1839, at the house which still occupies the space between the west end of that narrow thoroughfare and the junction of Westgate Road with Collingwood Street. Born in 1795, and brought up to his father's calling, "young Mr. Fife" rapidly made his way in the town. A high-spirited young man, of polished address and courteous manners, abounding in wit and gallantry, able to ride to hounds, and conduct himself bravely in a drawing-room, he became a general favourite. His abilities in these directions helped him to a fortunate marriage. On the 26th of March, 1818, he was united at All Saints' Church to Elizabeth, second daughter of Joseph Bainbridge, a well-known solicitor, who lived in Pilgrim Street, in a house he had built for himself, and to which, in honour of the great military hero of the day, he had given the name of Wellington Place.

About the time of his marriage, Mr. Fife, having taken up his freedom in the Incorporated Company of Barber Surgeons and Chandlers, began to practise on his own

account in Newcastle. Fortune favoured him. The Corporation, noting his abilities, made him, in 1819, one of the town coroners; the Barber Surgeons, for similar reasons, elected him, in 1821, one of their stewards. A movement which he inaugurated the following year gave him wide popularity among the labouring classes. He had made diseases of the eye a special study, and in March, 1822, in conjunction with Mr. T. M. Greenhow, brother-in-law of Harriet Martineau, he started, upon a very modest scale, in Brunswick Place, a medical charity, known in after years as the Newcastle Eye Infirmary. Becoming associated with some of the leaders of advanced thought in the town, and evincing sympathy with their principles, he was invited to co-operate in public move-



ments of a political character. But to these allurements he turned, while his father-in-law lived, a deaf ear. In December, 1823, Mr. Bainbridge, undergoing an operation in London for aneurism, suddenly died, and then the obstacle to Mr. Fife's entry into political life was removed. Strengthening his intimacy with local leaders, and extending his influence among the people, he waited for an opportunity to show his strength. The opportunity was delayed. At the time of his emancipation political opinion in Newcastle was practically stagnant. "The great election" of 1826 stirred it a little; the struggle for Catholic emancipation produced a ripple or two; but for the most part the stream of political agitation in the North of England was standing still.

All of a sudden, in July, 1830, a revolution broke out in France, spread to Brussels, passed over to Brunswick and Saxony, and affected, more or less, every throne in Europe. In this country the democracy, cowed by the Manchester massacre ten years before, were encouraged to lift up their heads and raise their voices once more. The Whigs, dexterously availing themselves of the democratic upheaval, joined forces with the proletariat in order to weaken the Tory Ministry under the Duke of Wellington, and agitate for Parliamentary and Administrative Reform. In Newcastle, the two parties, Whigs and Radicals, met in Mr. Charnley's shop, and projected a town's meeting to be held in the Guildhall, for the purpose of attesting the "sympathy of Englishmen with the cause of liberty in France." At this meeting, held on the 7th September, 1830, the Mayor in the chair, Mr. Fife made his first public appearance on the political platform. Some stirring speeches were delivered—so stirring, indeed, that they attracted the attention of the *Age* newspaper, which poured out upon the speakers the vials of its wrath in the following choice language:—

Mister Alderman Cramlington was there, and a very fit fellow he is for such society; and John Bowes Wright was there, the traveller, him wot told the meeting what he saw when he was in Paris; Doctor Headlam and his hat, and Mister Fifey and his stays, were both there; and Tom Doubleday, sonnet writer and soap-boiler, was there, but he did not say six words—he was ashamed of his company; and Aleck Reid, the auctioneer and pawn-broker, was there; and Ralph Park Philipson was there; and the Green-eyed Monster was there; and William Irving Wilkinson was there, the man wot wants to be called a squire; and, in fact, all the desperate upon or about the town were there, . . . creatures who are as unknown in good society in England as they are to the inhabitants of Timbuctoo . . . the scum and dregs of the town and neighbourhood. Let the quacks of Newcastle, medical and political, stick to their own business. Let them St. John Long their patients, or dabble on in coals and grindstones; but do not let them deal in politics or revolutionary humbug. Emulsionary Headlam and Sarsaparilla Fife may do very well for the coalheavers and skippers of Newcastle, but they are no more fit to embark the liberties of Europe than are the beavers on the lakes of America to prevent the outpouring of the waters at the Falls of Niagara.

Once embarked upon a political career, Mr. Fife's zeal was limited only by his opportunities. He was one of the leading spirits in the formation of the Northern Political Union and one of the most effective and energetic speakers at the public and private gatherings of that triumphant organisation. To his skill in tactics the Union owed no small part of its success. While Larkin thundered forth fiery invective, Attwood threw out scathing satire, and Eneas Mackenzie emitted moral platitudes, Fife planned and plotted, marshalled and manoeuvred. Possessing a suavity of manner that soothed the turbulent, and cultivating a polished rhetoric that disarmed the rebellious, he could plead, argue or denounce with equal facility and effect. Yet, while never losing his temper, nor allowing himself to be drawn into excess of language, gesture, or demeanour, he knew how to "take occasion by the hand" and mould it to his pur-

pose. When in the summer of 1831, the burgesses of Newcastle met, under the presidency of the Mayor, to petition the House of Lords in favour of the Reform Bill, and a weak petition was submitted by the Whig section of the Reform party, he outmanœuvred them, drove the baffled Whigs out of the room, was put into the seat which the Mayor had occupied, and obtained from the excited burgesses an enthusiastic vote for a much stronger petition which Mr. Attwood had conveniently found in his pocket. When the Lords threw out the Bill, he was the chief organiser of the great October demonstration upon the Town Moor, the leader in the subsequent march of three hundred men from Tyneside to Durham to prevent Lord Londonderry's "lamb" from breaking up a Reform meeting, and the proposer of the resolution, already adopted by the Birmingham Radicals, which pledged the members of the Northern Political Union to pay no taxes until the Reform Bill became the law of the land.

At the Newcastle Spital meeting, on the 15th of May, 1832, Mr. Fife struck the keynote which Charles Larkin expanded into a howl of defiance against the throne and the aristocracy that echoed and re-echoed all over the kingdom. Quoting a speech of Fox against the Sedition Bills of 1795, in which that impassioned orator asserted that Parliament might pass such bills, and they might even receive the Royal sanction, yet be so unconstitutional that obedience was no longer a moral duty, and insurrection itself be justifiable, and adding the emphatic declaration, "In these principles I will live and die," Mr. Fife continued—

Here is an immense multitude, and is there one man who will not join me in holding up his right hand and repeating after me—"In these principles I will live and die?"

The response, a writer in the *Northern Tribune* tells us, was instantaneous. A forest of hands were uplifted in imitation of the speaker, and in solemn cadence the vast multitude ejaculated that memorable vow—"In these principles I will live and die." Scarcely had the hands disappeared when a forest of oak saplings was uplifted, and remained there for some minutes, amidst profound yet most significant silence. Then the speaker resumed—

The House of Commons yet stands between this country and a revolution. If it only prove that it is the representative of the nation, the people may obtain their rights without confusion and bloodshed. Let us, therefore, with one voice exclaim—"Privilege of Parliament! Privilege of Parliament!" But remember until that cry is disregarded, until privilege of Parliament ceases to exist, or is grossly violated, then, and not till then, shall I, for one, exclaim, "To your tents, O Israel!"

With the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Fife considered that to a considerable extent victory had been won, and that the fight should now be left to the enlarged constituencies. Finding himself in a minority upon this and other questions in the Council of the Political Union, he withdrew, and, after a brief existence, the

organisation itself came to an end. But, although acting no longer with Attwood and Larkin, he avowed himself an earnest reformer still, and, being shortly after his retirement elected a member of the committee of the Newcastle Mechanics' Institute, he proved the sincerity of his avowal by presenting to the library a copy of Paine's "Rights of Man." For the next few years, although he published a letter to Lord Howick in favour of household suffrage, triennial Parliaments, and vote by ballot, he concerned himself chiefly in the struggle for municipal reform. At the Michaelmas Guild of the burgesses in 1833, he headed a party of "independent voters" whose criticisms of the ruling powers were remarkably pointed and unusually free. Towards the close of the proceedings, which were stormy and protracted, Mr. Fife and Mr. George Clayton Atkinson were nominated for the office of sheriff. Mr. Fife lost, and Mr. Atkinson was elected amidst the groans and hisses of the burgesses.

In the summer of 1834 Mr. Fife sustained a heavy bereavement in the death of his wife, and, for a time, he withdrew from active participation in public work. But as soon as the Municipal Reform Act was passed, he emerged from his seclusion, and threw himself once more into the arena of local conflict. At the first election under the new Act he was returned at the head of the poll for the ward of St. Nicholas, every man in the ward but thirty-seven having given him a vote. Upon the first occasion that the Reformed Council assembled Mr. Fife was appointed an alderman; at the second meeting of that body he originated a discussion upon the use and abuse of the Mansion House, kept it going meeting after meeting, and never ceased to agitate till that famous resort of convivial burgesses was dismantled, and its contents sold to the highest bidder. At Michaelmas, 1838, he was elected Mayor. He had fairly earned his promotion, and none of his opponents raised a hand against it.

In his election to the Mayoralty Mr. Fife's popularity reached its culmination; before his year of office expired it had received serious damage. Into the details it is unnecessary to enter. They have been printed over and over again, and may always be read in Richardson's "Table Book," in Gammage's "History of the Chartist Movement," and in "The Odd Book" of Thomas Ainge Devyr. It is sufficient here to state that in the summer of 1839 the townspeople were seriously disturbed by Chartist meetings and processions, accompanied by stone-throwing, window-smashing, and other mischief; that the Mayor, as chief magistrate, intervened for the prevention of such disorders; and that, failing to secure peaceable obedience to his commands, he called out the military, and broke up a Chartist demonstration at the point of the bayonet. For these services he was denounced as a traitor, a renegade, and a second Judas Iscariot by those who had beforetime been his warmest friends and supporters. With the denunciations of the Chartists and their friends still ringing in his ears, on the 1st July, 1840,

he was knighted by the Queen "as a mark of approbation of the manner in which he had sustained the office of chief magistrate under very critical circumstances."

Sir John was elected Mayor of Newcastle again in 1843, and he continued for many years to take an active part in the public life of his native town. Not, however, in the sphere of political conflict in which he had won his early fame. With advancing age his interest in politics, shaken by the events of 1839, declined, and although he took an active part in the Anti-Corn Law Agitation, being chairman of the League meetings in Newcastle, he gradually settled down into a mild and colourless Whig. When the next wave of Parliamentary Reform swept over the country, assuming the attitude of offended dignity contemplating past services, he stood aloof, and there the new school of Reformers left him. Meanwhile, the fervour which distinguished his early career had found a new channel. The vapouring of certain French colonels in 1859 turned the thoughts of Englishmen to the use of arms, and Sir John's soldierly instincts pushed him into the forefront of the agitation. He took the chair at a meeting held in Newcastle in the summer of that year to promote the volunteer movement, and became the first president of the club which shortly afterwards developed into the 1st Newcastle Rifle Volunteer Corps. Of that corps he was made lieutenant colonel, and he filled the post to admiration. He was proud of his volunteers, thirteen companies strong; the volunteers were proud of Sir John, who looked every inch a soldier; Newcastle was proud of them all together.

Engrossed in volunteering, Sir John lost to some extent his interest in matters municipal as well as political. He had formed county connections, and began to consider himself as much a country gentleman as an alderman of Newcastle. When, therefore, in 1862, the farmers and dealers attending Newcastle Cattle Market fell into a hot dispute with the Corporation, Sir John, conceiving that they had reason for their complaints, made various proposals for settling the dispute, and upon these being rejected, accompanied by some heated personal remarks from one or two lively members of the Council, he resigned his office, and nothing could induce him to resume it. Failing health compelled him, in December, 1868, to relinquish his command of the volunteers, and from that time to his death, at Reeds mouth, on the 15th of January, 1871, the people of Newcastle saw but little of their gifted fellow-townsmen.

Sir John Fife was in the commission of the peace for his native borough and for the county of Argyle; a deputy lieutenant; an M.A. of Durham; and a knight in the English League of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. In religion he was a Churchman—an earnest advocate of the establishment of a bishopric in Newcastle. For thirty years he filled the office of surgeon to the Newcastle Infirmary, and, besides founding the local Eye Infirmary, was one of the early promoters of the New-

castle College of Practical Science, in which, for some years, he officiated as a lecturer.

Sir John Vanbrugh in the North.



NUMBER of valuable documents relating to the Pelham family have been recently acquired by the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. Amongst them are several letters from Sir John Vanbrugh, the famous architect, written between 1715 and 1723. One of these, addressed to Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, afterwards the well-known Prime Minister, relates to Castle Howard and to a visit of the Duke of Wharton to York. It runs as follows:—

Castle Howard, Augt. 8th, 1721.

I have no other business to trouble your Grace with a letter upon, but to thank you for your warrant. The rest is only to remind you, of my constant wishes (others would say prayers) for your health and happiness wherever I wander. And amongst those good wishes, one is, that you were here at this time, to see in its beauty (warm weather too) the most delightful place I ever beheld. Many new charms open this year, that never appear'd before, and many more will next, that people do not dream of now: If I take in what a third will produce (bar more Southsea storms) I believe here will be (beyond all content) the top seat, and garden of England. Of the house I say nothing: The others I may commend, because nature made them; I pretend to no more merits in them than a midwife, who helps to bring a fine child into the world, out of bushes bogs and bryars.

I was at York all last week. A race every day, and a ball every night; with as much well look't company, as ever I saw got together. The Ladies I mean in chief. As to the men the Duke of Wharton was the top gallant. The entertainments ending on Friday. He declar'd if the company wou'd stay in towne one day more, he wou'd treat the jockeys with a plate, the Ladies with a ball, and all together with a supper. 'Twas done accordingly, and my Lady Milner, who had all along been his partner, was now his Queen. When supper was ended, he invited all the good company to meet him again that day twelve month, on the same terms; with many decent and good compliments, to the inhabitants of York and Yorkshire for the honour they did him, and hop't wou'd do him again. To which they gratefully bow'd, as who wou'd say, yes. But his Grace, then bethought himself, of one civil thing more, and said. That unless my Lady Milner wou'd absolutely engage to be there too, he was off, as to the rest of the company. Upon which she look'd she did not know how, and all went home to sleep.

He is now here, for two or three days, & we have jok't off the affair of the House of Lords on both sides. Here's the house full of company, which I like better when it's emptye, so am going to morrow to Lumley Castle, and Delavale, which will take me up a fortnight. I shall then return to York.

Here is another letter of Sir John Vanbrugh's addressed to "Brigadier William Watkins in Scotland Yard," who at that time was one of his colleagues at the Office of Works, and held the post of "Keeper of H.M. Private Roads and Conductor and Guide in the Royal Progresses," at a salary of £200 a year:—

York, Augt. ye 26th, 1721.

Cou'd you see how busy I have been ever since I writ to you last, you wou'd easily forgive my being so long

before I did it again. I return'd but last night from the north (for here you must know we are in the south) where I have been near this three weeks finding a vast deal to do, both at Delavals and Lumley Castle. Since it is not easy, to go there often, I resolv'd to do all the service I cou'd while I was there now.

The Admiral [Delaval] is very gallant in his operations, not being dispos'd to starve the design at all, so that he is like to have a very fine dwelling for himself now, and his nephew &c. hereafter.

Lumley Castle is a noble thing, and well deserves the favours Lord Lumley designs to bestow upon it: In order to which, I stay'd there near a week, to form a general design for the whole, which consists, in altering the house both for state, beauty and convenience, and making the courts gardens and offices suitable to it; all which I believe may be done, for a sum, that can never ly very heavy upon the family. If I had had good weather in this expedition, I shou'd have been well enough diverted in it; there being many more valuable and agreeable things and places to be seen, than in the tame sneaking south of England.

I am going in three or four days again to Castle Howard, where I must spend a week or ten days, to do what is necessary there. My Lord Carlisle going on with his works as usual; by which the seat is wonderfully improv'd this last year. Two years more, tho' they won't compleat all the building, will so beautify the out-works, of gardens, park, &c., that I think no place I ever saw, will dispute with it, for a delightful dwelling in generall, let the criticks fish out what particular faults they please in the architecture.

Here are several gentlemen in these parts of the world, that are possess'd with the spirit of building, and seem dispos'd to do it, in so good a manner, that were they to establish here a sort of a Board of Works to conduct the affairs, I do verily believe, they wou'd sooner make Hawksmoor a commissioner of it, than that excellent architect Ripley.

It appears from a further letter, dated Castle Howard, August 20, 1723, that the great architect had a jovial time of it in the North. "I have been drinking waters at Scarborough three or four days," he says, "and am to return thither with Lord Carlisle, for a few weeks more, and soon after that, I point towards London."

Sunderland Town Hall.

FEW towns even in the North of England have made greater strides of late years than the important town at the mouth of the Wear. Its population has increased by leaps and bounds; its residential suburbs have grown in beauty year by year; and its public buildings have kept pace with the march of improvement and prosperity. The latest addition to the architectural attractions of Sunderland is the new Town Hall. This edifice, erected at a cost of about £50,000 from designs by Mr. Brightwen Binyon, of Ipswich, was opened with much ceremony on Nov. 6, 1890. The style of architecture is described as Italian renaissance. It will be seen from the

accompanying engraving that the new building is really a handsome pile.

Katterfelto and his Wonders.

By the late James Clephan.

.....Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

COWPER.



KATTERFELTO flourishes as a fly in the precious amber of classic song. Embalmed in enduring verse, he is perpetuated for all time, wonderstruck by his own wonders. With "hair on end" he comes streaming down to the light and life of the passing day, few knowing anything more of him than the



SUNDERLAND TOWN HALL.

poet's picture portrays. Familiar as he was when the portrait was drawn, he lives for the most of men in these lines alone; and yet, scattered up and down over the island, relics must remain of him in sundry household corners, in the form of magnets, hygrometers, "fire machines," and other articles of his merchandise, sold to his customers at the close of his performances when the last century was growing old and about to depart. He was vending them in Newcastle while exhibiting his mysterious "Morocco Black Cat" to admiring throngs, and ministering to that love of rare sights and strange spectacles which belongs to our race. When Cowper, in the year 1785, published his "Task," and affixed to Katterfelto the words we have taken for our motto, there were readings and recitations in Freemasons' Hall, London; and his "John Gilpin" was one of the most popular pieces in the programme. It was read by Henderson, the famous actor; and none were more warm in their applause than Mrs. Siddons. The poet heard, of course, of the sudden celebrity into which he had been lifted by his "citizen of credit and renown"; but his friend Unwin, in communicating to him the fact of his metropolitan popularity, slyly admonished him that he had a competitor for fame in "The Learned Pig."

The times were sensational then as now. Our ancestors were as fond of marvels and excitements as their descendants; and in 1783, when the suggestion was made to Cowper that led to the production of "The Task," the world was running after novelties and wonders. It gave crowded audiences to Katterfelto, who, according to his own account, was "the greatest philosopher in this kingdom since Sir Isaac Newton," but is classed among "mountebanks" in "Chambers's Book of Days," and has been brought more recently under notice as one of the

"quacks of the eighteenth century." It was in the latter years of that century that balloons became the fashion and the rage. "Senators, philosophers, ladies, everybody," wrote Walpole near the end of 1783, gazed aloft at balloons. "I am tired of reading about them in the papers," said the Right Hon. Frederick Montague to Mrs. Delany in 1784; and in the same year there were adventurous journeys above the earth in Northumberland and Durham. On the 8th of May, little more than two months from the first ascent of Blanchard at Paris in a hydrogen balloon, "the ingenious Mr. Jackson, of Hutton Rudby," as the *Newcastle Chronicle* reported at the time, "entertained the inhabitants of Stockton and environs with that fashionable amusement, an air-balloon"; and we learn from Sykes, the Newcastle annalist, that on the 9th of August "a balloon was set off from the Sandhill, Newcastle, by Mr. Clarke, Jun., for the benefit and enlargement of an eminent teacher, then in Newgate for a debt contracted when in a bad state of health," the sum thus benevolently collected amounting to £33, "which answered the intended purpose."

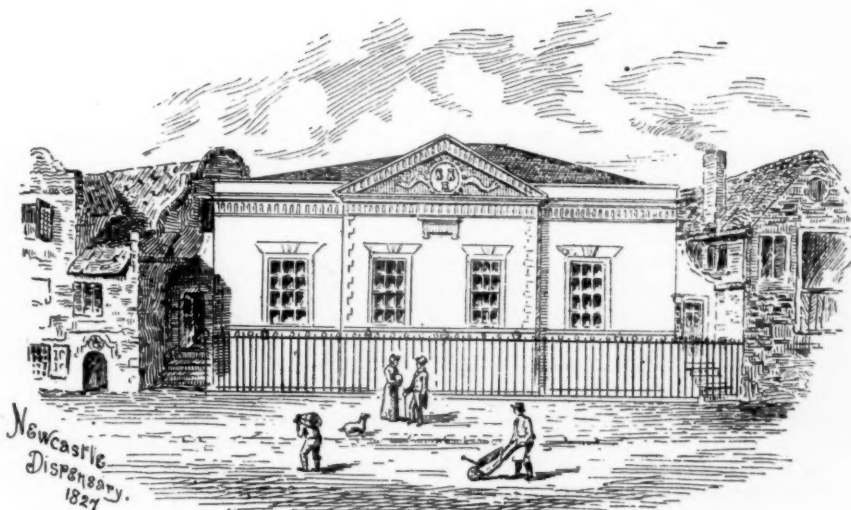
Balloons went up, other "fashionable amusements" courted public favour, and the weekly newspaper had a word for them all. Cowper was among its readers in his rustic retreat: and with "the folio of four pages" before him—

.....that map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns,

he closed his fireside picture of what was going on in the world beyond his shutters with the lines—

Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

Katterfelto came to Newcastle "for his bread" in 1787;



and "The Learned Pig" visited the town in the same year. In 1784, when Johnson was in his native Lichfield for the last time, Miss Seward told him of "the wonderful learned pig, which she had seen at Nottingham, and which did all that we have seen exhibited by dogs and horses." He had also, while remaining in his old city, "three letters on one day about the air-balloon"; and shortly after he left, being in Oxford, and considerate of the gratification of his faithful negro servant, "he sent Francis to see the balloon fly."

Wonders have ever been in request. "Dogs were made to bark and bite," says the poet; but patient preceptors have taught them more, and turned a penny by their accomplishments. There were "learned dogs" going about the country, as may be seen by Mrs. Delany's letters, in 1760. One could dance a hornpipe. Another told what o'clock it was, and could spell. The third could even speak a word or two; barked his own name; "his voice, indeed, a little hoarse, but the words tolerably distinct." Such clever companions were the attraction and astonishment of their little day. The world ran after them; for every generation must have its amusements. When Bonaparte was carrying his eagles over Europe, and England was apprehensive of invasion; when the health of the Sovereign excited uneasiness and there were Ministerial difficulties and Parliamentary perplexities; "in the midst of all this," wrote Sir Gilbert Elliot in 1804, "everybody goes to see 'Valentine and Orson,' and weep over the death of a bear." No little excitement, doubtless, there was on the banks of the Tyne in 1787, when the intimation was made of Katterfelto's coming visit to Newcastle with his Cat, immediately preceding in the *Newcastle Chronicle* the announcement that "The Learned Pig" was also on the road thither. It was in the month of February that there was exhibited in the Long Room of the Bigg Market "that most astonishing animal, the learned or scientific pig from Charing Cross, and last from Sadler's Wells." Its ingenious tutor had "taught a turtle to fetch and carry"; had "overcome the timidity of a hare, by making her beat a drum"; had "perfected six turkeys in a regular country dance"; had "taught three cats to strike several tunes on the dulcimer with their paws, and to imitate the Italian manner of singing"; and now, above all, "he had conquered the natural obstinacy and stupidity of a pig, by teaching him to unite the letters of any person's name," and tell "the number of persons in the room, the hour and minute by any watch, &c., &c." This docile creature had no sooner arrived in the Bigg Market, "than the curious of all degrees resorted to see him"; and after the interview, "the most penetrating frankly declared that neither the tongue of the most florid orator, nor pen of the most ingenious writer, could sufficiently describe the wonderful performance." Some one having suggested at Lichfield, in Johnson's presence, "that great torture must have been

employed ere the indocility of the animal could have been subdued," the doctor, never at a loss in controversy, ascertained from Miss Seward that it was three years of age, and at once replied:—"Then the pig has no cause to complain; he would have been killed the first year if he had not been educated; and protracted existence is a good recompense for very considerable degrees of torture."

A generation earlier, a "Learned Dog" had been in Newcastle, more learned than all the three dogs put together seen by Mrs. Delany in 1760. He "read, wrote, and cast accounts, answered various questions in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Geography, Roman, English, and Sacred History; knew the Greek Alphabet, &c.," and could distinguish all the colours of the rainbow. It was in the reign of George the Second that this wondrous exhibition was witnessed on the Tyne. But whether, on his way from London to Edinburgh in the reign of Elizabeth, "Banks's Horse," the "dancing horse" of Shakspeare, also paused to display his skill in Newcastle, is either not noticed in our annals or we have overlooked the record.

Every year our forefathers had some remarkable amusements, some new attractions, by which they were strangely interested; and great, apparently, was the excitement produced by the visit to the North, in the month of May, 1787, of Dr. Katterfelto. With what extent of display and ceremony "the noted philosopher," when "on his way from London to Edinburgh," came along Tyne Bridge, we have not been able to discover; but here, in the "Book of Days," is the account of his "turn-out" at the time he visited Durham in 1790 or 1791:—"His travelling equipage consisted of an old rumbling coach, drawn by a pair of sorry hacks; and his two black servants wore green liveries with red collars. They were sent round the town, blowing trumpets, and delivering bills of their master's performances," which were as manifold as they were marvellous. It was on Tuesday, the 29th of May, 1787 (the day after his arrival on the Tyne), that this itinerant philosopher gave his first discourse in Newcastle, "at St. John's Lodge, Friar Street"; and, "among the polite circle," the room received for the occasion the title of "The Temple of Instruction." Those who entered its portals paid for the course of eight lectures ten shillings. Single lecture, half-a-crown. "Back seats for servants one shilling only." At the close of his first lecture, and "for that night only," Dr. Katterfelto was to "show many of his occult secrets."

By day and by night "The Temple of Instruction" was open to an admiring public. Every noon there was the Doctor's Wonderful and Grand Mechanical Exhibition, "only two shillings." His Perpetual Motion was visible at the same charge. But half-a-crown was the figure for admission to his newly-invented Solar Microscope. And how various the matters treated of at the evening lectures! "Philosophical, Mathematical, Electrical,

Magnetical, Optical, Physical, Chymical." And over and above this wondrous round, we have "Pneumatic, Hydraulic, Hydrostatic, and Stynographic Arts," the whole illustrated by apparatus which had "cost him about £7,000!"

"Our learned gentlemen in this town and neighbourhood" are described as having "received the doctor with great joy"; and verses were written on "hearing his lectures and his laudable explanation of the various arts made use of by sharpers to obtain illegal fortunes at the expense of the credulous, at St. John's Lodge, last Tuesday" (that is, on the 29th of May, 1787). The poet's eulogy was printed at the time; and after the lapse of more than a century, three or four of his lines may be produced again:—

His curious apparatus gives a charm,
While his experiments keep genius warm;
High o'er all mean device he proudly soars,
And hidden fraud ingeniously explores.

Among the "curious apparatus" thus renowned in song, there was, as we have already shown, his Grand Solar Microscope, "whereby were seen the greatest wonders of natural history, which beggar all description"; and in the forenoons of June 18, 19, and 20, when this instrument was to be exhibited, visitors would be privileged to witness "above 5,000 live insects in a drop of beer the size of a pin's head, and 40,000 in a small drop of clear water," &c., with more than "500 other curious and uncommon objects; likewise several curious crystallizations of salts, which never were seen at Newcastle before." But, if cloudy, he would, at the hours mentioned, show "his Grand Perpetual Motion, and his various other occult secrets." Moreover, every evening during the Race Week, after his philosophical lecture, there were surprising feats in dexterity of hand. "Expecting to be very much crowded every day and evening" while the races were in progress, Dr. Katterfelto expressed a wish that the public, "the ladies particularly, would send their servants one hour before the lecture, to keep places for them, in the day-time as well as in the evening."

Katterfelto's famous "Morocco Black Cat" formed one of the prime attractions of the Temple of Instruction in Low Friar Street—the cat "which won £3,000 in London, and had surprised the most of the very first nobility in the kingdom." It accompanied its wandering owner wherever he went, till in the autumn of 1790 it was ruthlessly snatched from among his treasures at Manchester. A paragraph of the 4th of September in that year records this "most horrid and daring robbery." "Some incorrigible depredators" had "run away with the renowned and wonderful Dr. Katterfelto's black cat." But either the rare animal had been recovered, or a fitting successor had turned up, for in future years puss was still in the programme.

In the year that was marked by the abstraction of the cat, Dr. Graham was advertising his intention to come to

Newcastle. He was to give six lectures in the Assize Week of 1790, by which "he would endeavour to lead his audience gently and affectionately by the hand along the sweet, simple, and obvious paths of great, venerable, ever-constant, ever-young, and ever-beautiful Nature, and of consequent temporal happiness, up to that everlasting felicity which we all hope finally to obtain." Such are some of the words that were addressed to our townsmen by "Dr. Graham, from Edinburgh"; and here, as elsewhere, his "earth baths" were exhibited before the eyes of wondering crowds. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 157).

In 1798, Katterfelto was again in these Northern parts; and at Sunderland, on the 28th and 29th of August, not only ladies—but gentlemen, not only civilians, but soldiers—were "much alarmed and surprised" by seeing, with the help of the Grand Solar Microscope, "above 90,000 wonderful live insects in a drop of beer, water, milk, and vinegar, and most of them as large as eels, and some as rats and mice." "Mites in cheese were seen as big as cats"; and some poet of the Wear, "a lover of arts and sciences, on seeing Dr. Katterfelto's grand exhibition before a large company of ladies and gentlemen at Sunderland," wrote lines extempore—the same lines, by a strange coincidence, which had been printed in Newcastle in the year 1787! Again we read in the *Newcastle Chronicle*—

His curious apparatus gives a charm,
While his experiments keep genius warm:
High o'er all mean device he proudly soars,
And hidden fraud ingeniously explores.

From the Wear Katterfelto came to the Tyne. Newcastle was revisited in September; and on this occasion his arrival was commemorated by a paragraph headed "Movements of Great Men." "Mr. Pitt," said the writer, "arrived in London, last week, from Burton Pynsent, in good health. And, from Sunderland, a few days ago, in this town, that wonderful philosopher, Dr. Katterfelto." Among his rarities he brought for exhibition "a most wonderful diamond beetle"; with also, for sale, a variety of miscellaneous wares:—"Six different kinds of phosphorus" of his own manufacture; "magnets from one shilling to a guinea"; "a most valuable tincture for the toothache," two shillings a bottle, that "never failed of curing instantly"; a new invented hygrometer, of the size of a watch or snuff-box, foretelling to all the world changes of weather in a quarter of an hour, revealing to travellers the dampness of a bed, and ascertaining for gardeners the proper heat of a hot-house; yet, for half-a-crown, anybody might have it. A bottle of new-invented powder, to be acquired for the same small sum, would "light a pipe or a candle, or fire gunpowder." Two and six were favourite figures with Katterfelto. He had a half-crown fire-machine, of new contrivance, for discovering in the dark the hour of a watch, or lighting a match or candle on land or sea; and he also cured, "on very low terms,"

many different complaints. "Sprains, bruises, rheumatic pains," &c., yielded to a most valuable tincture, costing no more than a crown a bottle; and while he remained in Newcastle he "performed many capital cures." For a single shilling he showed, on cloudy days, his large loadstone of 49lbs, his mechanical museum, his wonderful diamond buckles; and with tens of thousands of other insects, "a live flea" would loom out in his microscope "as big as an ox," and "mites in cheese" attain the dimensions of "his black cats." His black cats, moreover, were to be "lifted up in the air by his strong magnet," and he would "magnetize any lady or gentleman's knife for a shilling."

Through the month of October, and into the middle of November, Katterfelto was lingering in the shadows of St. Nicholas; and during his prolonged stay "the whole cry at Newcastle, particularly among the curious and learned ladies and gentlemen," was this:—"Those that have not seen Dr. Katterfelto's solar microscope exhibition have seen nothing." Night after night he gave lectures on Electricity, the Power of the Four Elements, Fixed Air and the Air Pump; "and after his lectures he would also show and discover several of those arts and feats that are now exhibited by Jonas, Comas, Boaz, and Breslaw," in all of which he was ready to give lessons on very low terms. Once more, also, there were "verses written extempore" after witnessing the wonders exhibited by "Dr. Katterfelto, M.D." These lines, opening as below, throw additional light upon the character of his performances:—

His ship beyond description lies,
When well observed by curious eyes;
The guns, no thicker than a straw,
Go off by philosophic law,
Without the help of match or fire
Which all applaud and some admire.

There was a "fountain playing both fire and water," and "a watch and hour-glass that stood still, or fell into motion, at his command."

Sir Ruffia's face, as grim as death,
Blows out the candle without breath,
And long-headed harlequin
Without match or fire lights it again.

His famous black cat, I protest,
Surprised me more than all the rest;
And by dexterity of hand,
He shows how gamesters gain their end.

There was a lapse of more than ten years between the two visits of the great wonder-maker to Newcastle. In the interval, the Literary and Philosophical Society had been established, and had removed from its quarters in St. Nicholas' Churchyard to the Old Assembly Rooms in the Groat Market. It was in the society's former rooms that Katterfelto received patrons during his stay in 1798; and ere his departure, those who had neglected their privilege—who were delaying their visit to the cat and the conjuring—were admonished to repair their error while there was yet an opportunity. "Several hundred persons," it was expected, "would repent in a short time in

Newcastle and the neighbourhood, that they had not seen his solar microscope exhibition and large loadstone." But some, probably, of the tardy absentees supplied the omission at the last moment, and saw, burning in water, "the new and most surprising chymical strong light," prepared "last week," and announced on the 10th of November, 1798, in the latest of the Katterfelto advertisements inserted in the columns of the *Newcastle Chronicle*.*

The Old Dispensary, Newcastle.



T. JOHN'S LODGE, Low Friar Street, where Katterfelto performed his wonders in 1787, was erected in 1777 by the members of the Masonic order. It contained, says Mackenzie, an excellent organ, and two paintings by Bell, one representing St. John, the other a portrait of Mr. Francis Peacock, roper, the Grand Master of the Lodge. A Greek inscription was placed on the front of the building, signifying, "The darkness comprehendeth it not." Extravagance and the introduction of politics ruined the Lodge; and Mr. Alderman Blackett, who had a mortgage on the hall, sold it and the other property of the fraternity for £320.

The initiation of the project for the establishment of a Dispensary as an appendix to the Infirmary, but in no way antagonistic to that institution, is due to Dr. Clark, a local practitioner, and Mr. Anderson, a philanthropic surgeon. At the outset the physicians of the Infirmary opposed the proposal; but when it was explained that the medical department was to be open to the whole of the resident faculty, all opposition ceased, and arrangements were made for carrying out the scheme. Accordingly, a meeting of the governors was held on September 29, 1777, Mr. John Baker, mayor, being in the chair, when the regulations for the management of the new charity were confirmed.

The object of the promoters was "to give advice and medicine to that numerous class of sufferers whose cases excluded them from the Infirmary, but also to extend the limits of the healing art." The Dispensary for the first four years was located in an entry at the foot of the Side; then it was removed to an entry in Pilgrim Street, below the Queen's Head Inn, and known as Dispensary Entry. Its career of usefulness having extended, the governors decided upon the purchase of a lease for fifty years of St. John's Lodge, Low Friar Street, from the Incorporated

* Katterfelto, described as a tall thin man, dressed in a black gown and square cap, is said to have been originally a soldier in the Prussian service. In one of his advertisements he stated that he was a colonel in the "Death's Head" regiment of Hussars. Not long before his death, which occurred at Bristol, he was committed by the Mayor of Shrewsbury to the House of Correction as a vagrant and impostor.

Company of Saddlers, which, with the necessary fittings, cost £625 2s. 4d. The building consisted of "a hall for the meetings of the governors, a shop and waiting-room for patients, two consulting-rooms for the physicians and surgeons, an electrical room, and lodgings for the apothecary and his assistant, with a small laboratory behind the building."

The building in Low Friar Street in course of time became too small to meet the demands of the population of a growing district, and it was resolved in 1837 to build the present Dispensary in Nelson Street, which was opened in August, 1839.

Our drawing of the old Dispensary seen on page 17, is copied from Mackenzie's "History of Newcastle." Several changes have been made in the external and internal appearance of the place, which now bears the name of the Sadler's Wells Inn, so that its aspect at the present time varies somewhat from the original design.

Whitley-by-the-Sea.

WHITLEY, to judge from the derivation of the name, which means the white lea or pasture, was founded by some family of Anglian settlers. Whitley-by-the-Sea, as it is now called, so as to distinguish it from Whitley Chapel and Whitley Castle, also in Northumberland, is referred to in ancient documents and maps as:—Wyteley, Witelei, Hwytelæg, Witelithe, Wheteley, Wytheleye, Whitlaw, Whitlathe, and Whitlaz.

The earliest mention of Whitley is found about the year 1100, when Henry I. conferred it, with other possessions, on the Priory of Tynemouth. It is again referred to in the charter of Henry II., Richard I., and John, confirming to the priors their possessions and liberties.

In 1291, Whitley came very prominently before the notice of Edward I. and his council, in connexion with an event of some importance in the history of Tynemouth Priory which had taken place the previous year. The facts are these:—Walter Fitz Nicholas charged John de Whitley, Gilbert Audre, and William de Cowpen, with robbery and breach of the peace, stating that, at noon of the Sunday next before the Feast of S.S. Simon and Jude—this would be October 22nd, 1290—they had entered his house at Whitley, during his absence, broken open the door of a chamber with an iron hatchet, and taken from a chest which they found there, two over-tunics or gowns belonging to a certain woman, one of them green, the other blue, worth two marks; two cloths of Raynes, worth one mark; forty ells of woven linen, to the value of ten shillings; and two napkins and four towels, worth together twenty shillings. The defendants were cast into the Prior's prison by William Steward, the Prior's coroner, and kept there from the Feast of St.

Martin (Sunday, the 12th Nov., 1290) to the Wednesday next before the Feast of St. Nicholas—this would be Nov. 30th, 1290. On this last named date the Justices of the King, William Heron, Richard Knaut, and Robert Bertram, came to Tynemouth and demanded that the prisoners should be brought before them for trial. This the Prior refused to do, on the ground that they, the justices, were interfering with his prerogatives. Before the Feast of St. Hilary—January 13th, 1291—the Prior caused his own Court to be summoned, and on Sunday, January 15, Walter Fitz Nicholas made his appeal against John de Whitley and Gilbert Audre. William de Cowpen, it appears, had died in prison. The Prior's bailiffs found they had no power to hold the appeal, and it was quashed. The prisoners, though they claimed the right to acquit themselves in the Court of King's Bench, were committed again to prison, and remanded from time to time until after Easter, when they were set free by the King's writ. The question of the legality of the Prior's action was afterwards referred to the King in council, at Norham, who deputed Gilbert de Thornton and others to consider it. The conclusion they arrived at was that the Prior had exceeded his authority in resisting the justices and retaining the prisoners. The consequence was that the judicial privileges which the Priors had enjoyed for nearly a century were forfeited, and not restored for nearly eight years. The appeal which had originated all these proceedings was subsequently tried, when the defendants were acquitted, and it was found that Walter Fitz Nicholas, the appellor, was maliciously abetted by Brother Martin, the cellarer of the Priory, William de Kirkeby, a monk of the same house, and others. Bail was given for the Prior to make fine with the King; William Steward, his coroner, was fined half-a-mark; and the appellor 20s. The Prior's fine was afterwards compromised by a payment of 20s.

The next fact in the history of Whitley connects it with the Crusades. Pope Nicholas the IV. had granted to Edward I. the first-fruits and tenths of all ecclesiastical possessions for six years to defray the expenses of an expedition to the Holy Land, and so a valuation was made of the spiritual and temporal goods of the Priory, on March 26th, 1292, when the yearly rents from Whitley were returned at 20s., and the tithes at 9 marks.

About the beginning of the fourteenth century, the manor of Whitley was held from the Prior of Tynemouth, by a singular feudal service called the Conveyes, which seems to have originated with John de Whitley—probably the person charged with robbery—in the time of Master Simon de Walden, the Prior in 1301, and during the following 19 years. At Christmas, all the servants and tenants of the Priory, the "keelers," who served in the barges, and other dependants, with the horses and dogs of the Priory, were to come to Whitley. At the outskirts of the village, the Lord of the Manor was to meet them and receive them in a fitting

manner. They were to be hospitably entertained on the Feast of the Holy Innocents (Dec. 28th), and the day following. For most of the company fresh meat, cheese, and good ale were to be provided, but the esquires and men of their own rank were to have a whole hen between every two of them for the second course at supper. The horses also were to have half-a-boll of good oats each. Whitley must thus have been the scene of much feasting, drinking, and merry-making six hundred years ago. As horses and dogs were among the guests, it is supposed that hunting formed part of the entertainment.

On the 9th April, 1345, Edward III. granted to Gilbert de Whitley a license to crenellate his manor-house at Whitley. To crenellate a house was to place battlements upon it, crenelles, or embrasures, being the square openings between the merlons. Before this could be done, the sanction of the Crown was necessary. The fact of the Lord of Whitley building a strong tower on his estate at this time is an evidence of the insecurity felt, even so far south as this, during the Edwardian wars with Scotland. This Gilbert de Whitley was probably the same person mentioned in the Sheriff of Northumberland's accounts for 1356 as "the Master and Supervisor of the King's work in the Castle of Newcastle." The tower built at Whitley by Gilbert de Whitley, in 1345, is included in the list of castles and fortalices drawn up in 1415. At that time it was in the possession of the Prior of Tynemouth.

After the suppression of monasteries, Whitley was held under the Crown for a time. By a grant of Edward VI., dated the 8th December, 1551, it came into the hands of Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who was created Duke of Northumberland. It was demised in 1557 to Thomas, Earl of Northumberland, for 21 years; and by virtue of a grant made by Queen Elizabeth in 1570 to Sir Henry Percy and his son Henry, and afterwards to Thomas, Sir Henry's son, for life, it remained in the Percy family until 1632, when the last of the three grantees died. On the 16th of May, 1634, the King's Lordship of Tyne-mouth Shire, which embraced "five tenements of husbandry in Whitley worth £8 6s. 8d. per annum; a cottage with five butts of arable land, called 'Our Lady Land,' worth 8s. per annum; a little orchard there, worth 1s. 4d. per annum; the tithe of hay of all the town aforesaid, valued at 2s. 6d. per annum; the pannage or take of swine there, worth 20s. per annum; twenty quarters of barley called 'bigge,' and ten quarters of oats for the aforesaid five tenements of husbandry in Whitley," was granted to William Scriven and William Eden, of London, Esquires, to be held at a yearly rental. These possessions were conveyed on the 16th March, 1640, to Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland. They afterwards came into the hands of the Duke of Somerset on his marriage in 1682, with Elizabeth, the heiress of Jocelyn, the eleventh Earl of Northumberland. They subsequently passed by inheritance to her grand-daughter,

Elizabeth Seymour, who had married Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet, afterwards created Duke of Northumberland, and have since been retained by their descendants.

An important event in the history of Whitley would be the opening of the colliery there. In 1656 it is supposed to have been working and shipping its coals from Cullercoats. On November 29th, 1673, the Earl of Essex and William Pierpoint, Esquire, leased the coal mines in the township and precincts of Whitley to John Dove for 21 years. The next lessees of the colliery seem to have been Nathaniel Blakiston, Henry Hudson, and Abigail Carr, who were working the mines in the early part of the eighteenth century. The Hudsons, who now come on the scene, were a wealthy Quaker family belonging to Newbiggin. The Henry Hudson referred to above, by his marriage with Sarah, daughter of John Dove, of Whitley, gent., allied himself to another wealthy and influential Quaker family, which had much property in the district. He died on June 17th, 1737. His son, Henry (b. 1720, d. 1789), in 1772, added the wings to Whitley Hall, which is now occupied by Mr. M. W. Lambert. In 1820, the hall was sold to the Duke of Northumberland.

In 1789, a fat ox, belonging to Mr. Edward Hall, of Whitley, had immortality conferred upon it, for, on April 10th of this year, Messrs. Beilby and Bewick published a large copper-plate (10½ ins. by 7 ins.) of the famous animal, drawn and engraved by Thomas Bewick. "The Whitley Ox" weighed 187 stones at the Public Weigh House on March 21st, 1789.

In January, 1790, Lady Tyrconnel, the lovely daughter of Lord Delaval, narrowly escaped being drowned on Whitley sands, at least so it would appear from an entry in the Seaton Delaval Cellar Book, which is as follows:—"January 31st, 1790.—1 Bottle Sherry, 1 Bottle Port, and 1 Brandy for the Post-boys, etc., to drink, by Lady Tyrconnel's order after she got home, when overturned upon Whitley sands, and nearly lost." The accident probably occurred at the mouth of Briardene Burn, which the old road over the links crossed. Whether it was due to any of the "high jinks" for which the Delavals were famous, is a matter for conjecture.

In July, 1795, the following regiments were encamped at Whitley:—The 37th Regiment of Foot, Royal Lancashire Volunteers, North Yorkshire Militia, and a considerable park of Artillery, commanded by Lord Mulgrave. The camp broke up in October.

On the 16th of July, 1797, a terrible thunderstorm occurred at Whitley. At the camp there the lightning set fire to the whins placed as a facing to the sheds of the East and West Lothian Cavalry, and, the wind blowing briskly, the whole line was almost instantly in a blaze; three of the horses were struck dead at once, and two more nearly suffocated. The remainder were saved by the men having cut their collars on the first alarm. The poor animals, quite frenzied by the lightning, the thunderpeals,

and the fire, galloped off in various directions; several of them, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, came foaming through the streets of Newcastle to the great danger and terror of the inhabitants.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the collieries, the magnesian limestone quarries near Marden, and the ironstone mines on the Links, were all being actively worked. Considerable quantities of the stone were conveyed by waggons on a rail-road to the Low Lights, North Shields, and there shipped for exportation. A miner employed at the colliery in 1833 was the father of William Crawford, the member of Parliament for Mid-Durham, who died July 1st, 1890. On November the 22nd, 1839, the colliery and lime works were advertised "to be let." "Mr. Hugh Taylor of Earsdon"—so ran the paragraph—"will afford any information and treat for the letting of the whole." In 1848, the colliery was laid in, the stock being sold by auction in May of that year. The colliery seems to have been singularly free from accidents of any magnitude, though in 1835, 1836, 1838, 1839, and 1841, several casualties and explosions of fire-damp had taken place, attended more or less with loss of life. The last man killed at the colliery was William Boag, an innkeeper, who was in a tub suspended by a rope over the mouth of the shaft taking up some wood when the knot in the rope slipped and he was precipitated to the bottom. In consequence of the laying in of the colliery the population of the village, which in 1841 was 749, had decreased to 431 in 1851.

The Felling Artillery Corps were encamped on Whitley Sands in September, 1862. A local song, entitled "Whitley Camp," was written on the occasion by Mr. Edward Elliott, of Earsdon, in which, after depicting the warriors "fierce as untyem'd goats," and "their little huts, like sugar loaves, all pointin' te the sky," he describes the effect of their practice with the Armstrong gun:—

The greet round shot went plish-for-plash
Into the tortured deep;
They myed the crabs an' lobsters hop,
An' the fish cud get ne sleep.

On the 14th of September, 1869, the Prudhoe Memorial Convalescent Home was opened by the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, in the presence of a distinguished and fashionable company. The Northumberland Village Homes, founded by Mr. James Hall, of Tynemouth, have been located at Whitley. The first six homes were opened in 1880, and since then four more have been erected—two in 1884 at the cost of Mr. and Mrs. Donkin, and two in 1888 at the cost of Mr. John Hall.

In 1864, the Church of St. Paul was erected at the cost of the Duke of Northumberland, the bells in the tower being presented by Sir Charles Mark Palmer, M.P.

The population of Whitley, which in 1801 was 251, is now probably over 3,000.

W. W. TOMLINSON.

The Bigg Market and the Groat Market, Newcastle.



FIFTY years ago the Bigg Market, Newcastle, presented an old-world appearance, with its quaint shops and quainter hostleries. As will be seen from our drawing, which depicts a number of old houses at the west side of this thoroughfare, one of the widest in the town. The change, as compared with the present aspect of the place, is remarkable.

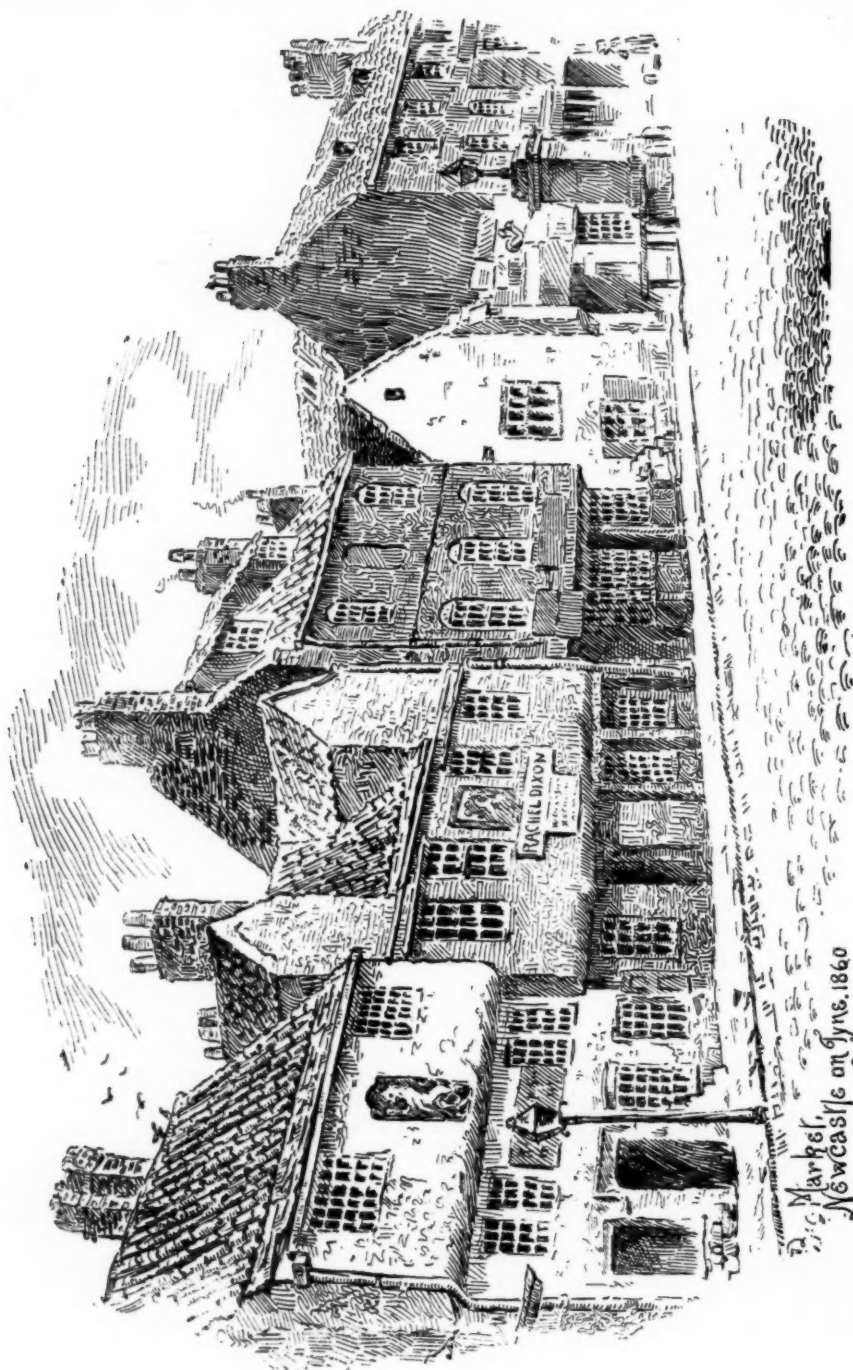
The house to the left, with the lamp-post in front of it, was the Golden Lion, a noted resort of carriers, farmers, and country people who came into the town to sell their produce. Mr. Rutherford, the landlord of the Golden Lion, did not occupy the whole of the building, for the room to the right of the entrance was used as a barber's shop. The premises in the yard behind often served as a mart for calves.

The next house, the Unicorn, was rather a superior hostelry, the landlady being one Rachel Dixon, who was respected by everybody. Farmers and carriers were to be met with here also in considerable numbers, and there was a general aspect of comfort and snugness about the place.

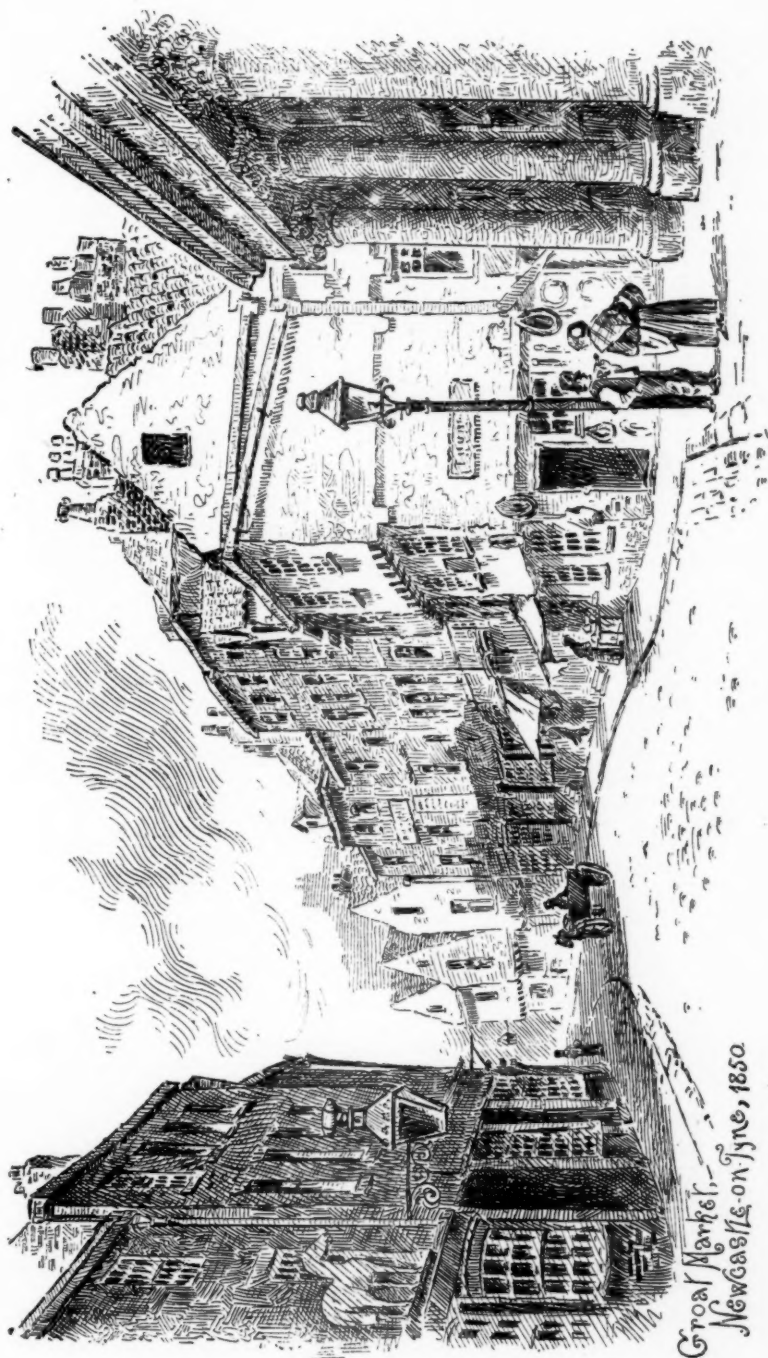
The next building, rather more pretentious than any other in the sketch, was occupied by a couple of tradesmen.

Then we come to the Fighting Cocks, an inn of the old school, kept by a bluff, hearty Boniface named Roger Heron. The entrance was through an archway, and although a numerous array of tradesmen's signs met the gaze few would have conjectured that in the yard behind almost every known craft was at one time carried on. Amongst those who were to be found in the yard about fifty years ago was a gold-beater named Armstrong, whose shop was identified by the gilt arm and mallet which was to be seen above the signboard; a file-cutter named Bambro; and a shoeing smith named Stephenson, father of Mr. Clement Stephenson, veterinary surgeon, of Newcastle. A man named Hudson had a foundry at the bottom of the yard, which, it may be explained, extended as far as the rails of St. John's Church, West Grainger Street not having then been made. In the same yard might be found plumbers, cabinetmakers, wood-turners, joiners, brassfounders, glassblowers, and many others.

Immediately in front of the Fighting Cocks Inn, and a few yards above the present pant, there was a large fountain with troughs for cattle. It will be noticed that to the right of the principal entrance to the Golden Lion and to the left of the lower front window of the Fighting Cocks are mounting or "louping-on" stones for the use of



Newcastle on Tyne, 1860



horsemen. One of these stones is preserved by the Society of Antiquaries in the Old Castle.

Much of the old Groat Market, shown in our second engraving, has long since disappeared. All the quaint houses seen on the right-hand side of the picture were removed when the present Town Hall was built. More lately some of the houses to the left have given place to modern edifices. But the conspicuous figure of a horse, forming the sign of an inn, still remains.

The pillars noticed to the right are a portion of what was, half a century ago, called the new Corn Market, which was built by a company in 1839 at a cost of £10,000. Mr. Richard Grainger, "who found Newcastle crumbling bricks and left it stone," had previously offered the Corporation the free and exclusive use of the newly-built Central Exchange Art Gallery, on the condition that it should be used as a corn market. Mr. Grainger also promised to rebuild the front elevations of the houses in the Groat Market and the Cloth Market in the Gothic style of architecture, and remove all the old buildings in Middle Street and Union Street lying between the two thoroughfares. This offer was, however, rejected by the Newcastle Council on October 4, 1837. But the new Corn Market, before twenty years had elapsed from the time of the rejection of Grainger's proposal, had to make way for the new Town Hall buildings, the foundation stone of which was laid in August, 1855.

Our drawings are reproduced from photographs, taken some years ago, which have been kindly lent us by Mr. W. Parry, photographer, of South Shields.

North-Country Fairies.



THE oldest fairy tale in the world is believed to be one written on papyrus for the edification of the young Egyptian Crown Prince, Seti Manephta, the son of Pharaoh Rameses Mi-amun, who ruled in Thebes fourteen hundred years before Christ, and at whose court Moses was educated. This curious papyrus was unfolded by a learned German in 1863, and a literal translation of its contents was read by him to a Berlin audience in the winter of that year—thirty-two centuries after it had been written.

A good-sized library would be required to contain all the rich fairy literature that the human imagination has created, since the days of Moses and Aaron, Jannes and Jambres. Fickle fancy has no more pleasant field to revel in, but we must not allow her to roam to a distance here. We must stay at home, and speak only of our own North-Country Fairies.

Brand, in his "Antiquities," under the heading "Fairy Mythology," has gathered together a mass of interesting items, but most of them are drawn from places more or

less far away. All he says with regard to the "good people" in this part of the country is:—

I have made strict inquiries after fairies in the uncultivated wilds of Northumberland, but even there I could only meet with a man who said that he had seen one that had seen fairies. Truth is hard to come at in most cases. None, I believe, ever came nearer to it than I have done.

Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England," has likewise but few references to the fairies of Northumberland and Durham. He tells us, indeed, of the Elf Stone, which "is described as sharp, and with many corners and points, so that, whichever way it falls, it inflicts a wound on the animal it touches." "Popular belief," he adds, "maintains that the elves received these stones from old fairies, who wore them as breast-pins at the fairy court, and that the old fairies received them in turn from mermaidsens." They are in reality flint arrow heads, fashioned by our ancestors in what is known as the Stone Age, and now familiar to frequenters of local museums, where they may be seen of all shapes and sizes.

We are most of us familiar with those curious natural phenomena called Fairy Rings. Some attribute them to the growth of fungi, spreading from a centre; others think they are caused by lightning; but the vulgar opinion is that they are spots where the fairies have been dancing in a ring by moonlight, and have trodden down the grass with their tiny feet.

Fairies have a perpetual memorial in a remarkable kind of small stones in a rounded or spiral form, as if produced by the action of a lathe, which are frequently picked up after rain or thaw, in the beds of some of the smaller Northumbrian streams, such as the Beaumont, and likewise in the Elwin or Allan, which falls into the Tweed from the North, a little above Melrose. They are commonly known as fairy cups, dishes, cradles, and bonnets, according to the particular shape they assume.

While Friday is the witches' Sabbath, Wednesday is that of the fairies. Every Friday, however, the "good people" are declared to divert themselves with combing the beards of goats.

In the olden time, it was not uncommon for the servant girl in a farm-house to discover, when she rose with the sun or before it, that the floor had been clean swept, and every article of furniture put into its proper place, by some kind sleight-of-hand fairy during the night. But servant girls get no such supernatural nocturnal help now, but must do the needful work themselves.

The fairies were formerly much addicted to stealing the most beautiful and witty children they came across, and leaving in their places such brats of their own as were prodigiously ugly and stupid, mischievously inclined, or of a peevish and fretful temper. These elfish imps were termed "changelings." Some will have it that the "good people" could only exchange these weakly, starveling, ill-conditioned elves for the more robust children of

Christian parents before baptism, and that they could not do so even then if a candle was always kept burning at night in the room where the infant lay.

The fairies used to be heard patting their butter on the slope of Pensher Hill, when people were passing in the dark. A man once heard one of them say, "Mend that peel!" Next day, going past again, he found a broken peel lying on the ground. So he took it up and mended it. The day after that, when going along the road with a cart, he saw a piece of bread lying on a stone at the root of the hedge, at the identical place, with nice-looking fresh-churned butter spread upon it; but he durst neither eat it himself nor give it to his horses. The consequence was, that before he got to the top of the "Ionnin," both his horses fell down dead. And thus was he condignly punished for his want of faith in the fairies' honour. What is commonly known as Fairy Butter is a certain fungous excrescence, sometimes found about the roots of old trees. After great rains, and at a particular stage of putrefaction, it is reduced to a consistency which, together with its colour, makes it not unlike butter; and hence its name. When met with inside houses, it is reckoned lucky. Why so, we cannot tell.

There are several round green hills in Durham and Northumberland which were formerly supposed to be inhabited underground by the fairies. We have met with people who said they knew this to be a fact, because sometimes in a fine still summer night, they have themselves lain down on these green hills, with their ears close to the ground, and have heard piping, fiddling, and dancing going on far down in the interior. When questioned as to whether this sounds might not rather come from some neighbouring village or gipsy encampment, they would reply, "No, it was the fairies; everybody knew it was; hundreds had heard them." Indeed, almost every circular mound in the North must once have been thus inhabited, if all tales be true. One such place is the site of the old fortress of the Conyers family, at Bishopton, called the Castle Hill. Another is a remarkable tumulus between Eppleton and Hetton, consisting entirely of field stones gathered together. At the top of this is a little hollow, called the Fairy's Cradle, and there the fairies formerly used to dance to the music made on a peculiarly sweet-toned pipe by a supernatural minstrel. Ritson speaks of some fairy hills at Billingham, and Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe tells us of a very famous one at Middleton-in-Teesdale, called the Tower Hill, close to Pounties Lane (vulgo County Lane, originally Pont Tees Lane). A person informed Mr. Longstaffe that his grandmother frequently asserted that she had seen the fairies go from that hill to the Tees to wash themselves and to wash their clothes also. Moreover, she once found a fairy, like unto a miniature girl, dressed in green, and with brilliant red eyes, composedly sitting on a small cheese-like stone near her house. She took this

strange creature into the kitchen and set it by the fire, and gave it some bread and butter, with sugar on it, which it ate, but it cried so bitterly that she was obliged to carry it back to where she found it. She, however, kept the elfish stone, and it may be in existence until this day. The old woman preserved it most religiously, not suffering it to be touched, and always had it under the table in the pantry, for what purpose is not stated.

Ritson deduces "Ferry Hill" from "Fairy Hill." At Hartlepool there are Fairy Coves, while the upper valley of the Wear abounds with Fairy Caves. Near Marsden, in one of the limestone caverns with which that neighbourhood abounds, is "the Fairy's Kettle," a circular hole in the rock, about five feet deep, filled with pellucid salt water, the sea covering the place at spring tides, and occasionally leaving a few little fishes in it, to swim gaily about in a fairy-like fashion, as in an aquarium of Nature's own forming.

While the foul fiend used to appear in the shape of a black dog, and his poor deluded hags, the witches, in that of a hare, the fairies were wont at times to assume that of a cat. The following tale is told confirmatory of this:—A Staindrop farmer was crossing a bridge at night, when a cat jumped out, stood right before him, looked him in the face earnestly, and at last, opening its mouth like Balaam's ass, said in articulate vernacular North-Country speech:—

Johnny Reed! Johnny Reed!
Tell Madam Mumfort
'At Mally Dixon's deed.

The farmer came home and told his wife what he had seen and heard, when up sprang their old black cat, which had been sitting cosily beside the fire, and, exclaiming, "Is she? Then aa mun off!" bolted out at the door and disappeared for ever. It was supposed she was a fairy in disguise, and that she had gone to attend the funeral of a relative, through whose death she might have come in for some legacy.

Chathill, near Alnwick, boasted of a large Fairy Ring, round which the children used to dance. But if they ran round it more than nine times, some evil, it was thought, was sure to befall them. So they would go the appointed number, but never more.

Henhole, on the north side of Cheviot, is a chasm in the midst of green slopes and heathy solitudes, so deep and narrow that the rays of the sun never enter, and where a small patch of snow, called a "snow egg," is frequently to be seen at midsummer. Some hunters were one day chasing a roe, when they heard issuing from the depths of the ravine the sweetest music they had ever heard. Forgetting the roe, which bounded away unheeded, they were impelled to enter to see who the musicians were, but they could never again find their way out. Only one who had been left behind, owing to his being worse

mounted than the rest, hesitated when he came to the brink of the "hole," and came back to tell the tale.

A widow and her son, a wilful little fellow, in or near Rothley, in the parish of Hartburn, famed in the days of Border "raids," were sitting alone in their solitary cottage, one winter evening, when the lad refused to go to bed, because, as he averred, he was not sleepy. His mother told him that, if he would not go, the fairies would come to take him away. He laughed, however, and sat still by the fire, while his mother retired to rest. Soon a beautiful little figure, about the size of a child's doll, came down the wide chimney and alighted on the hearth. "What do they ca' thoo?" asked the astonished boy. "My Ainsell," was the reply, "and what do they ca' thoo?" "My Ainsell," retorted he, and no more questions were asked. Shortly they began to play together, like brother and sister. At length the fire grew dim. The boy took up the poker to stir it, but in doing so a hot cinder accidentally fell on the foot of his strange playmate. The girl set up a terrific roar, and the boy flung down the tongs and bolted off to bed. Immediately the voice of the fairy mother was heard, asking "Who's done it?" "Oh! it was my ainsell," screamed the girl. "Why, then," said the mother, "what's all the noise about? Thor's nyen te blame."

A cottager and his wife at Netherwitton, on the banks of the Font, were one day visited by a fairy and his spouse, with their young child, which they wished to leave in their charge. They agreed to retain it for a certain period, after which it was to be taken back. The fairy woman gave them a box of ointment with which to anoint the child's eyes; but they were not on any account themselves to use it, or some misfortune would befall them. For a long time they carefully avoided letting the least particle stick to their fingers; but, one day when his wife was out, curiosity overcame prudence in the man's mind, and he anointed his eyes with the forbidden stuff, without any noticeable effect. Some short time after, however, when walking through Longhorsley Fair, he met the male fairy and accosted him. The elf started back in amazement, but, instantly guessing the truth, came forward and blew in the cottager's eyes. The effect was instantaneous. The poor man was struck stone blind. And the fairy child was never more seen.

A farmer, riding home at midnight past Fawdon Hill, was surprised to hear the sound of music and jollity in so lonely a place. On coming nearer, he became aware of a door open in the hill side, and through it saw a large company of strange-looking dwarfed people seated at a splendid banquet. One of the attendants, perceiving the stranger, came forward and offered him a cup full of liquor, which he accepted; but, instead of drinking the contents to his entertainers' health, he prudently spilt them on the ground, and, putting spurs to his horse, fled incontinently. The swiftness of the beast enabled him to baffle his pursuers, so that he bore away the empty vessel,

which was afterwards found to be made of some unknown substance, possibly selenium. This is a very old story, first told by a monkish chronicler, named William of Newbury, who died in 1208, and who is said by his translator, the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, to have been "in criticism in advance of his age, and freer from prejudice than might reasonably have been expected." William concludes his narrative by telling his readers that the identical fairy cup, having come into the possession of King Henry I., was presented by that monarch to Alexander I., King of Scots, who had married Sybilla, one of his numerous illegitimate daughters.

Once upon a time a particularly clever midwife, well known as "the howdie" for many miles round, flourished somewhere about Elsdon. A messenger on horseback came and called her out of bed one night, and told her that she must instantly rise and go with him to the place where he had hastily come from, a good distance off, where a lady, whose friends could afford to pay her handsomely, was in sore want of her attendance. She must, however, submit to be blindfolded, as the expected event was to be kept a secret. The man gave her something in hand by way of earnest, and she consented to mount behind him on a pillion. Then fast, fast away they rode. Arrived at their destination, the howdie was introduced into the room wherein the lady lay, and the bandage was removed from her eyes. It was a very neat and comfortable place, but a place she had never been in before. After she had successfully performed her office, and the relieved mother was as well as could be expected, the man got from an old crone who was sitting in the room a box of ointment, with which she was told she must anoint the baby, but to be careful not to let it touch her own person. She accordingly did as she was bid, having no mind to try any such experiments on herself, as she did not know of what the stuff consisted. But, feeling an itching in her eye, she put up her hand unconsciously, and now saw everything in a different light. Instead of a cosy room, it was a wood she was in. There was a hollow moss-grown trunk instead of a fireplace. Glow-worms supplied the place of lamps, and the lady was evidently a fairy woman. But though mightily astonished, the howdie retained her self-possession, finished her task, was again blindfolded, got mounted behind her mysterious conductor, and returned safely home, with a good heavy purse of fairy money in her pocket. One market-day soon after, she saw the old crone who had handed her the box, and likewise been her pay-mistress, gliding from one basket to another, among the farmers, and hinds' wives, passing a little wooden scraper along the rolls of butter, and carefully collecting the particles thus purloined into a vessel hung by her side. After a mutual but silent recognition, the old lady inquired, "What eye do you see me with?" "With the left eye," was the innocent answer. "Well, then, take that!" cried the crone, as she startled her with a sudden, sharp

puff. From that moment the poor howdie was a one-eyed woman.

Another version of the story is that it was a certain country doctor who received the eye salve from his elfin conductor, and that, after he had anointed his eyes with it, he saw a splendid portico in the side of a steep hill, to which he was taken by his guide. He entered, and found himself in a gorgeously furnished hall, fit for a royal residence. On coming out, after performing his office, another box was put into his hands, and he was told to rub his eyes with its contents. He rubbed only one eye, however, and with it saw the hill in its natural shape, palace and portico having vanished. Thinking to cheat his conductor, he feigned to rub the other eye also, and then galloped off home. But, afterwards, seeing the fairy husband stealing corn in Morpeth Market, he accosted him, with the same melancholy result, losing for ever the sight of both eyes.

It was with tales like these that our grandmothers and great-grandmothers entertained their hopeful offspring.

W. B.

Arctic & Antarctic Navigators.



F the two circumpolar oceans, the Arctic and the Antarctic, some of the most daring and successful explorers have been North-Country men. The discoverer of Hudson's Bay was, there is reason to believe, a native of this part of the country. Old family traditions of the name confirm the alleged fact, which cannot, however, be historically established, owing to Henry Hudson's birthplace and early life not having been deemed worthy of record.

We need do little more than allude to Captain Cook, whose father was an Ednam man, who was himself born at Marton, near Middlesbrough, and who served his apprenticeship to the sea on board a Newcastle collier, belonging, it is true, to Whitby owners. Cook's discoveries ranged from latitude 71 degs. 10 mins. south, to 70 degs. 41 mins. north, and he occupies the foremost place among modern explorers. Captain Weddell, who reached latitude 74 degs. 15 mins. south, in January, 1823, was also, if we are not misinformed, a North-Country man; and we may confidently claim old Willy Scoresby, born at Cropton, in the North Riding, and his even more distinguished son, Dr. William Scoresby, who, in their voyage to Greenland in 1806 (the father filling the place of captain, the son that of chief mate), sailed in the high latitude (by observation) of 81 degs. 12 mins. 42 secs., little more than five hundred nautical miles from the pole. This fact, as it had been previously unexampled, long remained unsurpassed in the annals of polar navigation; for though Parry, in his voyage of 1827, succeeded in reaching a higher parallel (82 degs. 45 mins.) by the joint aid of boats and sledges, yet his ship had been unable to

advance beyond 79 degs. 55 mins. It was not till the year 1871 that the American ship *Polaris*, commanded by Captain Hall, reached a higher latitude than the Scoresbys (84 degs. 16 mins.).

Captain F. R. M. Crozier, of the *Terror*, Sir John Franklin's comrade in his last melancholy voyage, was, we believe, a Ramsgate man, though his family connections lay in Blyth or Shields, if we are not misinformed. He was chosen as Franklin's lieutenant, on account of his being an experienced Arctic and Antarctic navigator, who had accompanied Sir James Clark Ross to the South Polar regions, and it was he who assumed the command after Sir John's death, and endeavoured as a forlorn hope, but in vain, to reach the Great Fish River with the survivors of the expedition, one hundred and five in number—all doomed, with himself, to perish in the trackless frozen wilderness. His name is perpetuated in Crozier Channel, leading out of Banks Strait, northward, and in Cape Crozier, on the dreary western shore of King William Land. Lieutenant Fairholm, who also perished with Franklin, was a Berwickshire man, born, we believe, at Greenknowe, near Gordon, his paternal estate. One of the crew of the *Erebus* or *Terror*, we forget which, was John Handford, son of James Handford, of Sunderland. Lady Franklin got his father and mother into an almshouse in London. Rear-Admiral Swinburne, a much esteemed friend of Sir John Franklin, and one of the earliest supporters of the final expedition sent in search of him (McClintock's), was a scion of one of our oldest and most respected Northumbrian families.

Captain John Balleny, who discovered Sabrina Land in 1839—a tract of the southern circumpolar continent, long known as *Terra Australis Incognita*—sailed originally, we have been told, from Berwick-on-Tweed.

Captain (Admiral) Collinson, who passed three winters in the ice, and worked his ship, the *Enterprise*, right along the North American coast, from Behring's Strait to Cambridge Bay and back, across sixty degrees of longitude, in 1850, 1851, and 1852, was born in Gateshead. His father, the Rev. John Collinson, was rector of that parish from 1810 to 1840, and afterwards rector of Boldon, where he died in 1857. Captain Collinson penetrated the furthest eastward from Behring's Strait that any vessel has yet reached; and he named the point at which he was obliged by the ice to turn to the west again, on his homeward route, Gateshead Island. In the British Museum, among the Arctic Expedition Relics, is a portrait of the Esquimaux dog "Daddy," brought home by the captain to Boldon Rectory, where it died. A very beautiful flag, given to Captain McClintock by Lady Franklin, on his departure on the search expedition, bearing her ladyship's name in white letters upon a red ground, and margined with white embroidery, was worked by the sisters of Captain Collinson. It was hoisted on the occasion of McClintock's having at length completed the sole object of his voyage—acquired

possession of the Franklin Records, picked up by Lieutenant Hobson on the shore of King William Land.

One of the most intrepid of our Arctic explorers was Captain Christopher Middleton, supposed to have been born at Newton Bewley, near Billingham, South Durham, about the beginning of the last century. There is a detailed biography of him in Brewster's "History of Stockton." We there learn that Middleton was bred to the sea, and was engaged for some time in the fur trade, in one of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessels. Recommended by a Mr. Dobbs, who was impressed with a conviction that a passage might be found from the Atlantic into the great Western Ocean, by an opening not far distant from the course annually taken by the Company's ships, he received from the Admiralty the command of the *Furnace* for the purposes of discovery, and had also put under his orders the *Discovery* junk, which was commanded by Mr. William Moor, also a Billingham man. They left England in the summer of 1741, wintered in Churchill River, and, as soon as the ice allowed next year, began to sail up Sir Thomas Roe's *Welcome*, through which they hoped to be able to make their way westward. Their attention was soon attracted by an inlet or river, which they called the *Wager*, six or eight miles in breadth, opening in the right direction. They sailed up it a little way, but ere long found, to their mortification, that it would not afford them the passage they sought, because the tide of flood constantly came from the eastward, or in at its mouth. Some twenty miles further north they came to another opening, thirteen leagues in width, and doubled a cape or headland, from which the trending of the land gave them the greatest joy, all believing that this would prove the extreme north-east point of America. Middleton, therefore, gave it the name of *Cape Hope*. But when the fog cleared away the next day they experienced a sad reverse; for they found the land to extend westward of north, making a deep bay; and standing on towards the bottom of that they plainly saw they could not proceed above six or eight miles further, the bay being land-locked. Under these disappointing circumstances, Middleton gave it the name of *Repulse Bay*. He now tried to find an outlet from the *Welcome* on the eastern side, but in this also he was unsuccessful. Landing, and walking twelve or fifteen miles, he ascended a very high mountain, from which he obtained a full view of a strait, eighteen or twenty leagues in length, and seven in breadth, but completely frozen from side to side, and seemingly as impermeable as a solid rock. This hard and fast locked and sealed waterway, which retains on the chart the name of the *Frozen Strait*, leads out of the *Welcome* back into Hudson's Strait, as Middleton, from the set of the tide, concluded it did.

On coming home with this account of what he had seen and done, he was very much blamed for not having prosecuted his search further. It was more

than insinuated that he had been bribed by the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose trusted servant he had been, with the sum of five thousand pounds, in order to stifle inquiry and prevent discovery; for the influx of private traders into these seas might have led to their profitable monopoly being broken up—a thing to be prevented by any means short of murder. This *Frozen Strait*, it was said, was all a chimera; indeed, some of his petty officers swore it was. Middleton strenuously denied the bribe, and maintained the correctness of his representations. But his patron Dobbs refused to believe him, and the Lords of the Admiralty, after hearing all parties, were dissatisfied with his explanations. Captains Parry and Lyon, long afterwards, substantially verified his account, which varied from theirs only in such minutiae as may be accounted for by the use of imperfect nautical instruments. This confirmation of his statements came, of course, too late, except to clear his character for veracity long after his death, which took place in 1770. Brewster says that "neither emolument nor honour graced his latter end," and that, "dejected probably in spirits, he retired from public employment, and, having married his servant, he had a large family, and, it is said, died poor." We learn from the "Annual Register," however, that he was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society, and received a medal "for his curious observations in the discovery of the North-West Passage in 1740." His latter years were spent at Norton, where he died. The following is the entry of his burial, 1770:—"Feb. 15, Christ. Middleton, master and commander in the Royal Navy." Some of his papers and journals, it appears, came into the possession of the parish clerk at Norton, who gave them to a young sailor of the name of Robinson, who was shipwrecked and lost his life on the coast of Jutland, and the papers, we conclude, were lost with him. Middleton's correspondence with the Hudson's Bay Company is still extant, we believe, in manuscript, in the company's archives. His "Narrative" was published in London shortly after his return.

As Middleton's failure did not shake the general opinion respecting the possibility of the North-West Passage through Hudson's Strait, a reward of £20,000 was offered by Parliament for the discovery; and a new expedition under the direction of private persons, with Mr. Dobbs's assistance, was fitted out for the purpose. Captain Moor, who had been Middleton's associate, was appointed to the command. As he seems to have been but a poor scholar, though doubtless a good seaman, a Mr. Henry Ellis was sent out with him, engaged by the committee of management, to write a narrative of the voyage. The expedition consisted of two vessels—the Dobbs galley, of 180 tons, and the *California*, of 140 tons, the latter commanded by Captain Francis Smith. Having sailed on the 20th of May, 1746, they made the land on the 21st of August, on the west side of the

Welcome. Five days afterwards, the Dobbs grounded at the entrance to Port Nelson, about seven miles from York Fort, but she was got off without material damage. The governor of the fort had no mind to promote their designs, and some time was wasted in disputes with him. It was then judged to be too late in the season to attempt explorations that year, so they sailed up Hayes or Nelson River and moored in a creek, about two miles above the fort, where they wintered. They resumed the search, or, more correctly speaking, commenced it, next year, on the 24th of June. But all they did was to sail up Wager Strait, where they were again disappointed in not finding a passage, and then cursorily examining another strait to the northward, which appears to have been either Middleton's Frozen Strait or the entrance to Repulse Bay, and where they had no better success. "A difference of opinions," says Brewster, "prevailed between the commanders and among the officers as to the propriety of proceeding to the examination of the bay, consistent with their instructions. The greater part were evidently indisposed towards any further research, urging the advanced season of the year, though it was only the 7th of August. After this, nothing was done or attempted. After a council—surely an inglorious council—they determined to bear up for England." On the 29th they reached the westward entrance of Hudson's Strait, and arrived in Yarmouth Roads on the 14th of October, 1747, having been absent one year, four months, and seventeen days. After this really fruitless voyage, Captain Moor, adds the historian of Stockton, "soon retired from the service; prudently cast anchor in his own neighbourhood of Greatham, where he married Mary, sister of Ralph Bradley, Esq., of Stockton, in 1757, where he continued to reside, and died at that place in 1765."

A more noteworthy local name connected with North-West Passage exploration is that of Captain William Christopher, a native of Norton, who sailed from Fort Churchill in the summer of 1761, in the sloop Churchill, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, the directors of which had, in the intervals since Moor's luckless attempt, risen above the narrow prejudices of their predecessors, and resolved to make some amends for the obstructions thrown in the way of former voyagers. Christopher made his way up Chesterfield Inlet, through which a passage had, from Ellis's account of it, been generally expected; but finding the water turn brackish, which showed that he was not in a strait, but in a river, he returned. The ensuing summer he was ordered to repeat the voyage in the same ship, and Mr. Norton, in a cutter, was appointed to attend him. This time they ascended the Chesterfield Inlet again, and found it to end in a large fresh water lake, completely land-locked and fed by small rivulets, at the distance of about one hundred and seventy miles from the sea. Several other inlets were afterwards examined, from latitude 62 degrees to the

south point of Main; but none of them offered the passage searched for, the deepest not running above three or four miles inland. So the result of these explorations was only negative. Captain Christopher settled with his family at Stockton, in comfortable circumstances, after having left the company's service; and he died, in the 60th year of his age, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had gone for medical advice. His remains were interred at Norton.

Turning to the southern hemisphere, we find that one of the most important discoveries in high latitudes in that part of the world was made by a Blyth man, Mr. William Smith, commander of the brig William, of Blyth. He was on a voyage from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, in the year 1819, when, on the 19th of February, having stretched far to the south, he sighted land in lat. 62 deg. 40 min., and near the longitude of 62 W., about two leagues off. Hard gales, with flying showers of snow and fields of ice—a combination of adverse circumstances—prevented at that time an exploration of the coast; and on the brig's return to the River Plate in the following month of May similar circumstances prevented further discovery. But, on a subsequent voyage from Monte Video to Valparaiso, in October of the same year, the William again made the land, in lat. 62 deg. 30 min. S. and long. 60. deg. W., by chronometer bearing distance about three leagues. Captain Smith ran along the coast, which seemed to be that of a continent, fringed with islands a good way, and effected a landing at several points. He found the country barren and covered with snow, but seals and spermaceti whales were in abundance. He named it New South Shetland. It is now known to be an extensive archipelago, partly if not wholly volcanic, and almost without a vestige of vegetation, but with several good harbours. Ever since its discovery it has been the great seat of the seal, sea-elephant, and whale fisheries in those seas. One ship's crew has been known to catch as many as twelve thousand seals in one season along its shores; and the number taken off the islands, during the years 1821 and 1822, chiefly by American vessels, is computed by Captain Weddell at 320,000. Blyth Bay, in Desolation Island, is that in which the William first came to anchor, and Smith's Island, named after her commander, is the westernmost of the group. It is the highest and most forbidding of the whole, rising to more than two thousand feet above the sea level, and covered with eternal snow, except only where the surface is too precipitous to let it lie. The black dismal rocks contrast painfully with the glaring white, and give a very weird aspect to the scene, which is like nothing that meets the eye in more temperate regions. Captain Smith thought he saw pine and fir trees growing in many places, as he ran in a westward direction along the coasts for two or three hundred miles; and he reported that the country had upon the whole the appearance of the coast of Norway; but no subsequent voyager has seen any trees on

any part of New South Shetland, or the lands adjacent, not even grass or shrubs. The only vegetation, apparently, consists of moss and lichens. But the riches of the sea make up in some measure for the poverty of the land.

W. B.

A Ramble Round York.



THE city of York, in its inner and outward aspect, spans the centuries so completely that it would be difficult to find a better compendium in stone of British history. Here we have tangible memories of Britons, Romans,

Saxons, Danes, and Normans—aye, and even of those hapless Jews who, after attaining wealth and power, perished so tragically in the revengeful outbreak of the twelfth century.

But before we touch that lurid page, let us recall other incidents in York's story that are infinitely more pleasurable. We shall not quibble over the names successively borne by the city; but it seems indisputable that the Romans first gave it importance under the title of *Eboracum*, and that the Danes anticipated the modern appellation of "York" by dubbing it *Jorvik*—the initial letter having the sound of "y." The beautiful Minster, which is so commanding a feature in the vale of York, can claim connection with those remote times, for Constantine the Great, proclaimed Roman Emperor here



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MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK.

about A.D. 306, is believed to have given, on the very spot where the sacred edifice now stands, his gracious permission for the first preaching of Christianity in the city. On this spot, too, Paulinus baptised the North-umbrian monarch Edwin; and if we descend into the crypt of the present-day Minster we may view the remains of Edwin's first church, or at least of the original building reared by Archbishops Thomas and Rogers. Saxon crypts, however, as in Hexham Abbey, are not inspiring regions, and the decidedly "elevating" influence of a climb to the top of the central tower of the Minster is much more to be recommended. Here the eye roves over a goodly prospect of the broad-acred county; and on a fine summer or autumn day one is not, even at this lapse of time, inclined to dispute the Chevalier Bunsen's opinion that we see before us "the most beautiful and most romantic vale in the world, the vale of Normandy excepted." The description seems all the more faithful when we remember that Normandy retains its sweet simplicity, while York, on the other hand, is familiar with the screams of locomotives, and boasts of having the largest railway station in the United Kingdom.

Circled by its white walls, however, there is in York city much that is quaint, and picturesque, and rich in historic associations. The modern spirit of research has laid bare the remains of Roman walls, villas, and palaces, with many curious evidences of military and domestic pursuits, as well as samples of architectural ornamentation and personal adornment. The clustering streets, with their strange nomenclature, such as the Shambles, tell their own story, helped out here and there by grim turrets and frowning gateways. Micklegate Bar, at the

head of one of the principal streets, is eloquent with its embattled turrets and stone warders, which frequently



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THE SHAMBLES, YORK.

had for company in the "good old days" the heads of those who gave offence and had not wit or luck enough to escape the penalty. A ghastly procession has walked



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BARBICAN, WALMGATE BAR, YORK.

these battlements! Then, in contrast with the trim walls of the Castle, there is the ancient tower of the Cliffords, with its savour of William the Conqueror, while over the Foss lies the gloomy keep at Fishergate, and not far ahead is Walmgate, celebrated as being the only "bar" that remains in England with barbican complete. Walmgate is indeed a mine of memories, possessing in its forbidding front and jealous, spiteful portcullis the clue to the right reading of many a page of history.



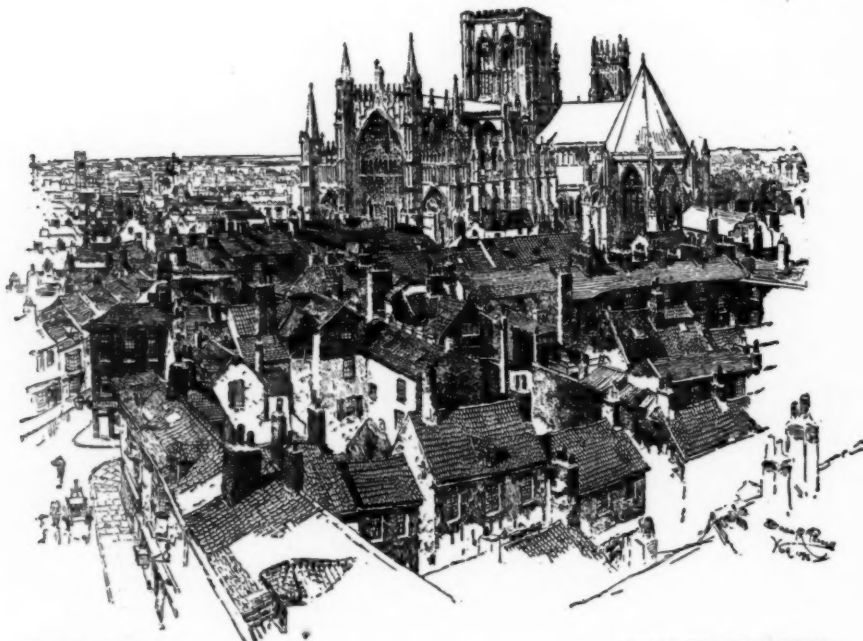
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THE FIDDLER OF YORK,
CARVED ON THE TOP OF A
MINSTER PINNACLE.

here, William of Newburgh assures us, they attained

"the luxury and the pomp of kings." But, while they grew fat upon usury, the Crusaders who had sought their aid, with many others groaning under extortions, felt the strain too great to bear, and forthwith resolved to wipe out their bonds with the sword. Five hundred Hebrews took refuge in the Castle, and here they were besieged by the populace clamouring for the blood of the "Jewish dogs." Not thus, however, were they to die. An aged rabbi, perceiving their desperate straits, counselled a "free surrender of life to Him that gave it," whereupon the Jews hid or destroyed all their wealth, set fire to the Castle, and plunged their daggers first into the hearts of their women and children and then into their own bosoms. Not without a shudder, therefore, do we think of what befell the dwellers in Jewbury.

Monk Bar, which receives its name from the general who played a part in the Restoration of the Stuart dynasty, is considered to be the most perfect of the feudal type of such remains in the country. In this respect, therefore, both as regards Walmgate and Monk Bar, York is of special interest to the antiquary. But one need not pause at the corbelled and embattled turrets, or the rudely sculptured defenders who, standing in the act, have not yet made up their minds to hurl their missiles of rock. A rich field lies around, and, turn where one will, there is ample food for study and reflection. Go to the Mansion House, for instance, and there look upon the sword of state presented by the Emperor Sigismund, and



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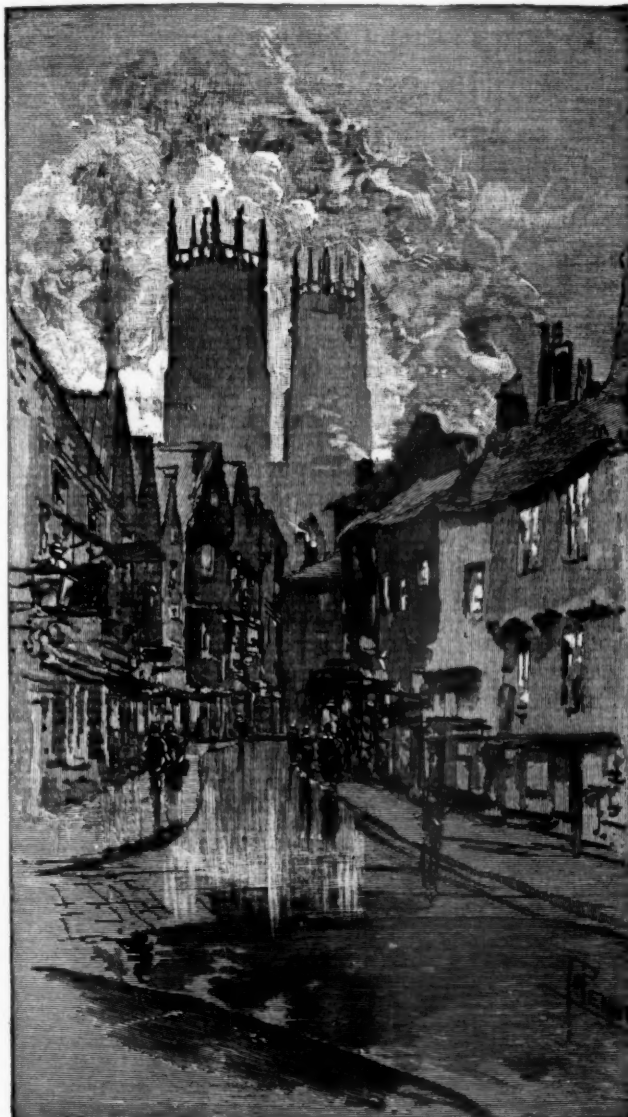
EAST END OF YORK MINSTER, FROM MONK BAR.

upon the cap of maintenance given by Richard II. when he made William de Selby the first Lord Mayor of York, the cap to be worn—as faithfully observed to this day—by the mayoral sword-bearer in all presences on all state occasions. "My Lord Mayor" keeps up considerable pomp, and within his own jurisdiction takes social precedence of all except the sovereign and heir-apparent; yet the office has gone a-begging more than once, some of the elected having paid a monetary consideration to

escape from serving. Surely the manifold associations of the Guildhall, gathered with the roll of centuries, and crystallized in the stained glass windows and fine oak carvings, ought to invest with dignity and lustre the duties of "My Lord Mayor"!

Next to the abodes of civic power we might place that curious relic, the King's Manor House, which carries us back to the time of the Tudors and the Stuarts, for this was the scene of royal receptions, and here Charles II. held Parliament. Now, as a school for the blind, it is the county memorial of William Wilberforce, and Puritans may say it thus serves a better purpose. Another spot sweet to the antiquary is the Merchants' Hall, in Fossgate, which at one stroke, so ripe is this memorial of the past, takes three centuries off the world's record. One might almost expect to encounter on the step one of those worthy old souls whose excellent motto is sculptured over the entrance with the arms of the Corporation: *Dieu nous donne bonne aventure*.

But all this while we have been sensible of the influence of the towering Minster—an influence that must be felt rather than described. Churches and charities there are in plenty, and the student may rejoice in chance specimens of Gothic and Norman architecture, or go into raptures over the remains of St. Mary's Abbey, dating from the Conquest, and celebrated for its rich and powerful monks. But the glory of York is its Minster. Built in the form of a cross, it seems the embodiment of peace and sanctity, while its grand proportions and stately spires fill the mind of the beholder with a sense of awe. Fresh beauties appear at every point, and no one can weary of contemplating the delicate tracery of this exquisite piece of cathedral architecture. The heart burns at the mere thought that Jonathan Martin, in a mad freak, sought to fire this marvellous edifice, and one is thankful that the design of the incendiary was frustrated. Carved on the top of one of the pinnacles, it may be noted, is an antique figure which bears the quaint appellation of "The Fiddler of York." The interior of the Minster is in keeping with the exterior. Let the visitor enter, and he will realise the full power of this "sermon in stone." As he stands



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YORK MINSTER, FROM THE MARKET PLACE.

beneath the central tower, and gazes in admiration at the works of art that chastely adorn this monument of man's faith, he is sensible of a sacred influence around him, and it only requires the rare melody of the choir at even-song to make all that is spiritual in his nature vibrate in harmony with the magnificent conception which fills the Minster and dominates the city.

George Barrington in Newcastle.



GEORGE WALDRON, *alias* Barrington, was a famous pickpocket towards the end of the last century. But Barrington was much more than a common thief. His educational advantages placed him head and shoulders above the ordinary criminal level, while his superior manners and gift of speech showed that, if it had been his fortune to have commenced life under more favourable conditions, he would have achieved a respectable position in society. But his adverse circumstances and false start in life were entirely due to his own misconduct.

Waldron was born at Maynooth, County Kildare, in 1755. When he had entered his sixteenth year, he attracted the attention of a dignitary of the Church of Ireland, who placed him in a grammar school in Dublin, the object being to prepare him for the University. In an evil moment, he quarrelled with a school-fellow, older and stronger than himself. Getting the worst of the fight which ensued, he stabbed his comrade with a pen-knife. The youth was subjected to discipline for this offence; but this, instead of having a deterrent effect, only increased his feeling for revenge. After robbing the schoolmaster, he escaped from the school-house, and wandered aimlessly about the country.

While at Drogheda, he joined a company of strolling

players, with whom he remained for a time. The manager of the troupe, who had previously been convicted for fraud and was at the time in fear of capture, was young Waldron's counsellor and friend. It was at this man's suggestion that the young fellow assumed the name of Barrington. Owing to a tolerably pleasing address, he soon made his name as an actor; but, fearing that success in the profession would expose him to the attentions of his friends, he relinquished what might have been an honourable career. Acting on the advice of his evil counsellor, he adopted another profession—that of a "gentleman pickpocket."

After relieving many Irish gentlemen of their watches and trinkets, he transferred his operations to London. Ranelagh Gardens were then in the full flood of popularity—the resort of the rank and fashion of the time. Here he managed to pick the pockets of the Duke of Leinster and Sir William Draper of considerable sums. In 1775 we find him at Bath, where, pretending to be a gentleman of fortune, he had no doubt many opportunities of replenishing his exchequer. On his return to London, he went to Court on the Queen's birthday, disguised as a clergyman, and not only picked several pockets, but found means to purloin a diamond order that adorned the breast of a nobleman. But perhaps the most daring of his ventures was the attempt to rob the Russian Prince Orloff of a gold snuff-box, set with brilliants, and valued at £30,000. Following the prince to Covent Garden Theatre, he contrived to secure the treasure, but was caught in the act by Orloff himself. For this offence Barrington was prosecuted; but he presented so plausible a defence that liberation followed.

Trouble, however, overtook the audacious thief in 1777, in which year, being convicted of theft, he was sent to the hulks for three years. But fortune did not yet desert him, for, owing to his good conduct in prison, he was liberated at the termination of the first year.

Six months afterwards he was again convicted of theft,



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MINSTER TOWERS, YORK, FROM PETER GATE.

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and again sentenced to the hulks, this time for a period of five years. Once more good luck attended him. Having nearly wrecked his constitution by an attempt to destroy his life, his pitiable condition excited the compassion of a gentleman of rank, a visitor to the hulks, who obtained for him a free pardon on condition that he quitted the kingdom. The condition was, of course, accepted, and, being provided with money by his benefactor, he departed for Dublin.

Within a very short time afterwards he resumed his old practices. Apprehended on a charge of stealing the watch and money of a nobleman at a theatre, he made so effective a defence in court that he was discharged. We next find him in Edinburgh, and subsequently in London again. Arrested for violating the condition of release, he was imprisoned for the remainder of his term in Newgate. Soon after the expiration of his captivity, he was charged with stealing the watch of Mr. Haviland Le Mesurier, at Drury Lane Theatre, but eluded the vigilance of the constable, and so escaped once more.

Barrington wandered about the country in various disguises, and eventually turned up in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The circumstances of his arrest there are detailed in the following extract from the *Newcastle Chronicle* of July 5, 1788:—

On Friday evening, the 27th ult., as the Rev. Mr. Warilow, of this town, was going into the boxes of the theatre, a man genteely dressed came up to him, and attempted to take the watch out of his pocket; but having pulled it in an oblique direction, it stuck fast, and Mr. Warilow, perceiving his intention, laid hold of his arm; he, however, immediately got it disengaged, and walked up into the green boxes, where he stood looking on the stage till Mr. W. went to him and accused him of the attempt, which he denied with great firmness and *hauteur*, and affected to be much insulted by the suspicion; he then walked down stairs, and into the opposite green box, but, seeing Mr. W. determined not to leave him, he went again down stairs, and walked carelessly out of the theatre, when Mr. W., having procured a constable, he was apprehended in the passage leading to the Flesh Market. He underwent an immediate examination before Mr. Alderman Rudman, and, being unwilling to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was committed to the custody of a sergeant-at-mace till next morning, when he was again examined before the Court of Aldermen; he there said his name was Jones, but, that circumstance being doubted, a sailor was brought into court, who made oath that he knew him to be the renowned pickpocket Barrington; he was thereupon committed to Newgate, and intelligence sent off to the Public Office in Bow Street, an advertisement having been published from thence in February last, charging him with having picked the pocket of Haviland Le Mesurier, Esq., of a purse containing twenty-three guineas and a half, and offering a reward of five guineas on his commitment. On hearing of his apprehension, the lady who travels with him, and calls herself his wife, immediately set off, in their one-horse chaise, towards the south, but returned again the same evening, in a different conveyance, to the Old Queen's Head, in Pilgrim Street, where she was discovered by one of the sergeants, who conducted her before a magistrate, to undergo an examination. She said her name was Johnson, and that her father was a waiter at a tavern in York; but no information could be gained from her that could lead to a discovery of any malpractices of herself or her husband. She still remains in the custody of a sergeant-at-mace; but, being far advanced in pregnancy, if no hopes

remain of gaining any criminating matter from her evidence, humanity would seem to plead much for her enlargement. Notwithstanding Mr. Barrington's dexterity, it appears that he has been rather unsuccessful here, as we do not find that any losses have been sustained from the exercise of his art, though it is imagined he was the person who attempted to pick the pockets of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland and two other gentlemen in the theatre. Mr. Barrington, should this be really him, is a man of genteel appearance and address, about five feet ten or eleven inches high, slender make, of a dark complexion, and has sharp, piercing eyes; he was dressed in a drab coat and round hat. Some of the Bow Street people are daily expected to arrive here, to convey him to London.

A fortnight later the ingenious thief was still in custody, as appears from the following paragraph extracted from the *Newcastle Chronicle* of July 19:—

The supposed Mr. Barrington still remains in custody here, Sir Sampson Wright not having yet thought proper to despatch messengers to convey him to London. He at first, indeed, desired he might be despatched by sea, but that method was, we imagine, deemed too insecure to be adopted. He has been visited in Newgate by a great number of gentlemen, whom he receives in the most polite manner. We could, however, have wished that somewhat more delicacy had been observed in conducting that business; it must be grating to him, and we cannot conceive how anyone can derive pleasure from such a visit.

Another extract from the same source, dated July 26, 1788, gives particulars of the prisoner's removal:—

It having appeared by the certificate of Henry Collingwood Selby, Esq., Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex, and by the affidavit of John Townsend, that George Barrington stands indicted at the general sessions of the peace for the county of Middlesex for felony he was removed from hence by *habeas corpus* on Wednesday last to take his trial thereon. He was conveyed in the mail-coach in the custody of a sergeant-at-mace and Mr. Townsend, one of the Bow Street officers.

John Townsend was of course the celebrated "Bow Street runner," of whom many exciting stories are told in the criminal annals of the country. But the special charge on which Mr. Townsend's captive was taken to London seems to have failed on account of the absence at the trial of a material witness.

In the *Newcastle Chronicle* for September 13, 1788, we find an intimation to the effect that Barrington's trial at the Old Bailey Sessions would commence on the following Wednesday, when he would be charged with stealing the watch of Mr. Le Mesurier. The prisoner secured the services of an eminent lawyer, who, in the absence of material evidence, was instrumental in securing his discharge from custody.

Barrington's career as a pickpocket may be said to have come to an end in September, 1798, when, being found guilty of again picking pockets, he was sentenced to transportation for seven years. During the voyage in the convict ship to Botany Bay, he assisted in quelling a mutiny, for which service he was duly rewarded. The captain of the ship gave so excellent an account of his conduct to the Governor of Port Jackson that that official at once appointed him superintendent of convicts at Paramatta. Subsequently he was appointed high constable of the same place, in

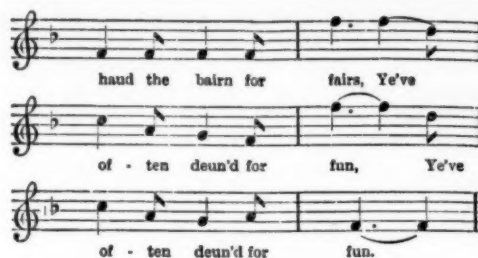
which situation he is said to have won the respect of his superiors. Barrington died in 1804, it is supposed from mental imbecility induced by remorse for his wasted life.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stoker.

AW WISH YOR MUTHOR WAD CUM.

THE catalogue of Newcastle song-writers, beginning with Henry Robson, and followed in succession by Thompson, Mitford, Gilchrist, Robson, Corvan, and Ridley contains the names of no more pathetic and homely lyrist than that of Joe Wilson. A man of blameless life, not possessing the robust frame which sometimes lends itself to stirring and robust song, he passed quietly and respected through a life of only thirty-four years, dying in February, 1875, and leaving a vacancy which has not yet been filled. The song we publish, together with "The Row Upon the Stairs," "The Gallowgate Lad," "Dinnet Clash the Door," besides many other of his homely domestic ditties, will live and be sung as long as the Tyne runs to the sea. The tune is a well-known Irish comic melody, to which is sung "The Whistling Thief." It should be added that Messrs. Thos. and George Allan, of Newcastle, have lately published a handsome and complete edition of Wilson's songs, that the song given below has been chosen by Mr. Ralph Hedley as the subject for an oil painting, and that this painting has been reproduced in colours as a presentation plate for the Christmas Supplement of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, 1890.



"Cum, Geordy, haud the bairn,
Aw's sure aw'll not stop lang;
Aw'd tyek the jewel mesel,
But really aw's not strang.
Thors floor and coals to get,
The hoose-turns thor not deun;
So haud the bairn for fairs,
Ye've often deund for fun?"

Then Geordy held the bairn,
But sair agyen his will;
The poor bit thing wes gud,
But Geordy had ne skill:
He haddint its muthor's ways,
He sat byeth stiff an' num;
Before five minutes wes past,
He wished its muthor wad cum.

His wife had scarcely gyen
The bairn began to squall,
Wi' hikin' up an' doon,
He'd let the poor thing fall.
It waddent had its tung,
Tho' sum aud teun he'd hum—
Like "Jack an' Jill went up a hill"—
Aw wish yor muthor wad cum.

"What weary toil," says he,
"This nursin' bairns mun be;
A bit ont's well eneuf,
Ay, quite eneuf for me.
Te keep a cryin' bairn
It may be grand te sum;
A day's wark's not as bad—
Aw wish yor muthor wad cum.

"Men seldum giv a thowt
Te what thor wives endure;
Aw thowt she'd nowt te do
But clean the hoose, aw's sure;
Or myek me dinner an' tea—
It's startin' te chow its thum;
The poor thing wants its tit—
Aw wish yor muthor wad cum.

What a selfish world this is!
Thor's nowt mair se than man;
He laffs at wummin's toil,
And winnet nurse his awn—
It's startin' te cry agyen,
Aw see tuts throo its gum:
Maw little bit pet, dinnet fret—
Aw wish yor muthor wad cum.

"But kindness dis a vast,
It's ne use gettin' vext;
It winnet please the bairn,
Or ease a mind perplex—
At last, it's gyen te sleep,
Me wife 'ill not say aw's num;
She'll think aw's a real gud nurse—
Aw wish yor muthor wad cum.

A Delaval Letter.

MR. WELFORD, referring to Sir John Delaval, Bart., of Seaton Lodge, quotes from Spearman's MSS. that Sir John's daughter, having been married to John Rogers, of Denton, "died within the year, as was said, by a posset given by Sir John's mistress, Mrs. Poole, and Mr. Rogers went distracted." (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, page 251.) Till some proof be given, this "fairy tale" should be withdrawn from local history, for in this, as in other of his statements about the Delavals, Spearman, when compared with facts, appears to have erred. Mr. Rogers was son and heir of John Rogers, of Newcastle, by Elizabeth, the fifth daughter of Benjamin Ellison, merchant-adventurer, of the same town, and, previous to his marriage with Sir John's daughter, he and his widowed mother joined in conveying on November 5, 1713, certain lands in Rouschester, West Denton, North Seaton, Scotchwood, Benwell, Jarrow, lands "called Whitefield, in possession of Robert Awde (sic) and Richard Batty," lands at Hindley, in the Bywell parishes, lands at Low Sugley and Lemington Green, in the parish of Newburn, &c., to certain trustees—to wit, Grey Neville of Billingbare, Bucks, and Edward Delavall of Dissington, Northumberland. That Mrs. Rogers did not "die within the year," or even seven years, will be seen from a paragraph in a letter from James Mewburn to Admiral George Delaval. Mewburn resided at Newcastle, and was evidently the manager for the estate of Seaton, which was taken over by Admiral Delaval from Sir John Delaval, Bart. All the building accounts of the hall, and the estate rentals, are in his very fine clerk-like handwriting, giving the most minute particulars, and balanced to a farthing. Mr. Etty, mentioned by Mewburn, was probably an assistant to Sir John Vanburgh, and made occasional visits to the works at Delaval Hall. Mewburn's letter, being of interest, is given in full:—

Newcastle, 10th December, 1720.

Honoured Sr.,—Both Your Honr's of the 1st and 6th Instant, I Recd., and now thinks Sr. John Van Brugh will keep his Xmas at Castle Howard, having no Letter from him. Mr. Etty will most certainly come to Seaton along with Sr. John, and though I had rather take to a small fault at any time then make many words, yett I Cannot bear, when any wrong is put upon mee, so if Mr. Etty offer to doe any such things, Your Honr. may be assured I shall speak my mind freely.

Mr. Etty's Letter which your Honr. is pleased to Inclose mee, Speaks enough to the Carrying on the work to perfection. I shall take care of the Lettr. Sr. John Delavall and all his Family is altogether at the Lodge, and Madm. Rogers, Sr. John's Daughter, is bearing them Company, and Mr. Rogers is often there too, and Madm. Rogers is to stay till Mrs. Pool's Birthday, as I am told. Mr. Etty has been in Some of his Ares, when he writ the Direction for your Honr.

The Draines are all Cast and wee have Levell Enough, and most Covered and Secured, so that noe wett cann

stand any where about the House. Mr. Etty takes the Ordering and Managing of the draines to himselfe (as I perceive by his Letter), but must begg his pardon a Little in that Matter, for Your Brother Knows and forty more, that they were well advanced before he came to Seaton.

Wee have abundance of wett weather, which is bringing downe every day some old walls, which wee are obliged to Repair Immediately to keep the Housing from falling.

The Groyning, which Mr. Etty mentions in his Letter, I think is a terme of Art, which is Arching of the Passage, as I apprehend him.

The New Stair Case mentioned in Etty's Letter, is that draught of the Stare Case which Sir John Van Brugh sent Your Honr. after Your departure from Seaton, and Your Honr. sent mee. Mr. Etty see it at Seaton and propose it for the East Stare Case, that is for the East Tower. When any thing of Substance goes from hence for Your Honr. shall send your linnen, and Beanes too if Your Honr. pleases, and likewise all those things from Madm. Shaftoe when they come to hand, and Your Honr's Pillow too, if Your Honr. pleases, but my wife knows not what method to use to gett it cleaned. As for the Sault Your Honr. mentions, it was quite gone out of my thoughts, but if any such can be gott shall speak to Mr. Nicholson and Engage him in that affair.

This day gone seven nights, I mentioned to Your Honr. that the Gardeners was Supplying the Dead Trees in the West Avenue, and at night when I gott home they told mee there was only three dead trees in all that West Avenue and Circle, the other which seemed dead at Topp was Growing severall foot above Ground, and this weather I hope will doe much good to all the plantations. There is near two hundred Elmes planted this week, wee are now Obliged to plant the large Elmes in the Nurserys, all the dead ones being renewed, save only the Scape hill in the Lumperwill field before the North door, which wee leave till further orders. There is about 300 limes to plant and many of them must be planted in the Nursery too. What the Gardeners say about pruning seems very reasonable, and ought to be observed.

Shall Direct the Young men now with me to Observe Your Honour's Directions about pruning the Young Elmes in the East Nursery.

Shall wait of Sr. John at the Lodge, and doe Your Honrs. Commands. Shall Observe to plant the Broad Leafed Elmes with their Leading shouts [shoots] on, and shall plant the Largest Branches in Cuttings of the Willows, but pray doe Your Honr. please to have the roots of any of the Willows removed, and planted elsewhere?

I am Glad the Corne is gott into the Priver [stack yard?]

I doe not Remembr of any full answer given Your Honr. Concerning the door between the two Great Basements to the North, and Last Setterday was short about it, and since have Examined the plans, and doe find the stairs being placed there, and the sole of the Door levell with the flower [floor] within, and halfe pace without, and a window of Each side, very plaine: so what mistake is here I Cannot tell but it is Certaine that a door Intind [intended] in the plan to goe up the Stepps between the North Basements into the Hall: and as for the door under (which is already made) that comes into the Ditch, is placed for Conveniency of Receiving Vessells into the Cellar, and will not be seen when the stepps are made; the steps will rise from the North only and not up at the ends too, as they are now Intended.

I hope your Honr. will be pleased to accept of my wishing you joy of your new Honr. which I hope is Confirmed upon Your Honr. by this time, and pray be pleased to excuse my not doing it earlier, for doe begg lieve to assure your Honr. that none doe wish or desire Your Honr.'s welfare and happyness more than my selfe, and doe Likewise begg Your Honr. will be pleased to advise mee how to Direct to Your Honr. in proper Expressions due to Your Honr.; for it is neither my duty nor my desire

to be any way short in shewing my due obedience to Your Honr. and all things else that is becoming or due from Your Honr.'s most dutyfull
and obedient humble servant,

J.A. MEWBURN.

Inclosed a Lettr. of Sr. John Vanbrughs which I found this week have taken a Copy of it.

If Mr. Rogers "went distracted" within the year, he got over the supposed calamity, for at the county election, in February, 1722, we find him residing at Newcastle, and capable of recording his vote for his freehold at East Denton, which vote he gave to Ralph Jennison, the unsuccessful candidate.

CUTHBERT HOME TRASLAW.

William Bell Scott.



MAN of exalted and varied genius was the poet-artist who, on November 22, 1890, sank to his rest at the seat of Miss Boyd, Penkill Castle, Girvan, a home enriched by noble frescoes from his hand. William Bell Scott, whose death is a loss to the world of art and letters, found in Miss Boyd a true and devoted friend, who not only cheered his declining years, but tended with loving care his aged wife. Rare memories therefore cling to Penkill Castle, rendered sweeter from the fact that there also the artist's friend and kindred spirit, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, wrote some of his subtlest poems.

Mr. Scott, the son of an Edinburgh engraver, and the younger brother and biographer of David Scott, F.S.A., gave early evidence that he possessed the family talent. Born in Edinburgh on September 12th, 1811, he was educated at the High School there. His first instruction in art was imparted by his father and his brother. On coming to London in 1831, he studied the antique zealously at the British Museum. Returning to Edinburgh, he put forth his earliest poems in *Tait's Magazine*, and in the *Edinburgh University Souvenir* for 1834. Finally, he left Edinburgh for London about 1836. His first contribution to a London Gallery was "The Jester," which was exhibited at Suffolk Street in 1840; while his first picture in the Academy was sent in 1842, under the title of "Chaucer, John of Gaunt, and their Wives." Mr. Scott also sent various works to the British Institution, beginning with "Bell Ringers and Cavaliers celebrating the Entrance of Charles II. into London," which was shown in 1841. This was followed by "The Old English Ballad Singer," 1842; "Comfort the Afflicted," 1845; "The School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne," 1846, and five later productions.

Scott's most ambitious effort was due to that impulse which, in 1842 and 1843, stirred the artistic world to its depths, and resulted in the Cartoon Competition in Westminster Hall. To this he sent a drawing of life-size figures, measuring 11 ft. by 9 ft., and representing, in a

dramatic fashion, "The Northern Britons surprising the Roman Wall." It obtained no premium, but brought its young author under the notice of some of the more intelligent and influential leaders of opinion. Scott did not tempt fortune again at Westminster, but, profiting by the feeling excited in his favour among artists, accepted the offer of a considerable appointment in the School of Design, which was then being developed with Government aid. Soon after this (that is, in 1843) we find him in charge of the most important Government school of art in the North of England, that of Newcastle-upon-Tyne—a post which he occupied until about 1858, when changes in what had become the Art Department caused him to abandon his appointment and remove to London, without ceasing to be connected with South Kensington.

In 1846 Mr. Scott published his only long poem, "The Year of the World, a Philosophical Poem on Redemption from the Fall." Shortly afterwards appeared his "Memoir of David Scott," "Antiquarian Gleanings in



WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

the North of England," and "Ornamental Designs for Silver and Gold Work," with an essay on ornamental design. Under the title of "Chorea Sancti Viti, or Steps in the Life of Prince Legion," he published in 1851 a series of allegorical etchings; and in 1854 appeared the volume best known as "Poems by a Painter."

For five years afterwards Scott was employed in painting eight large pictures illustrating the principal events of Northumbrian history, at Wallington Hall, the seat of Sir Walter Trevelyan, Bart.; and in 1863-4 the complement of his work was executed in the form of eighteen oil paintings on canvas for the spandrels of the arches in the saloon containing the Border subjects. The interest in this magnificent set of paintings does not depend upon the workmanship or the subjects alone. All the objects introduced are relics which still exist in Northumbrian houses, and many of the figures were portraits of living Northumbrian characters. The learned author of the history of the Roman Wall occupies a prominent place among the figures on that ram-

part, the late Rev. Cooper Abbes figures as St. Cuthbert, and Mr. W. H. Charlton, the late proprietor of Healeside, is exhibited as the astonished recipient of the Charlton spur. The pictures occur in the following order:—1, the building of the Roman Wall; 2, a scene on the Farne Islands, King Egfrid and Bishop Trumwine urging St. Cuthbert to accept the bishopric of Hexham; 3, the Danes invading Northumberland at Tynemouth; 4, the death of Bede at Jarrow; 5, the Border Chieftain shown the emptiness of the larder by the spur in the dish which is brought in place of dinner; 6, Bernard Gilpin preventing a Border feud; 7, Grace Darling's act of heroism; 8, Newcastle in the 19th century. A picture by Mr. Scott, representing the building of the "New Castle upon Tyne" adorns the walls of the Literary and Philosophical Society. In 1868 he also completed a series of mural paintings illustrating "The King's Quhair" on the spiral staircase of Penkill Castle.

In 1869 Scott brought out "Albert Dürer, his Life



WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

and Works," a critical biography, containing admirable etchings by the author. Other works from his pen which may simply be mentioned are "Half-hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts," "William Blake, Etchings from his Work," with descriptive text, and "The Little Masters" (of Germany), a valuable contribution to English art

literature. In 1882 he added to the rest of his acquirements the title of architect by building a hall at Penkill Castle, and in the same year he published a fresh volume of poetry, entitled "The Poet's Harvest Home."

We present two portraits of Mr. Scott—one, taken from a photograph by Mr. C. K. Reed, showing him as he was about the time when he first settled in Newcastle, and the other not many years before his death.

Notes and Commentaries.

ST. CUTHBERT'S BEADS.

G. W. Bulman, M.A., writes as follows on this subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November:—

Encrinite stems are among the most common fossils of the carboniferous limestone. They constitute a large portion of its bulk. Locally they are known as St. Cuthbert's beads. On a little rock off Holy Island, on the Northumbrian coast, says the old legend, the Saint laboriously forged them on his anvil:—

On a rock, by Lindisfarne,
St. Cuthbert sits and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.

Here we are presented with the work of St. Cuthbert; further down the coast, near the classic town of Whitby, we encounter the deeds of St. Hilda. The ammonites occurring in the lias there are the relics of snakes, of which—

Each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda pray'd.

Thus even in the domains of the geologist is found the work of the weaver of legends.

L., Newcastle.

OLD STREET CRIES.

One of the best cries I remember was that of "Grozers," and this reminds me of an amusing anecdote which came under my own notice. A young girl living in Milburn Place, North Shields, had been to the New Quay (the market place in those days), and when going along the Front was asked by a woman whether there were any gooseberries in the market. She replied, "No, ma'am; but thor's plenty o' grozers." To my ears the crying of "Grozers" was at all times most melodious, and even at this long distance of time I can picture to myself the form and appearance of "Mary the Maid," as, with basket on her head, she perambulated the streets of "canny aad Shields," crying in stentorian, but not unmelodious, voice:—



I must take exception, however, to both Mr. Greenwell's and Mr. Haswell's rendering of boiled crabs. I do not remember ever hearing it "Fine boiled crabs," as given

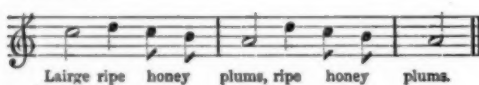
by Mr. Greenwell, nor as "Fine boiled crabs, new boiled crabs," as given by Mr. Haswell (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, pages 379 and 473). To me it was always—



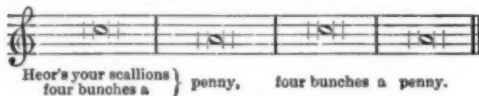
The "Borgondy peors" in my young days was converted into "Fine mahogeney peors," and cried to the following:—



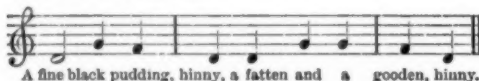
Plums also came in for a good melodious cry, which was as follows:—



While scallions came in with a shrill—



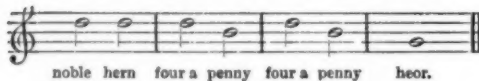
Black puddings were also treated to a good cry, and no doubt many will remember the clean old woman who sat at the end of the New Quay, just in front of the Pipe-maker's Stairs, and cried—



Mr. Greenwell's "Caller harren" is not familiar to me; the Cullercoats women's cry was as follows, and I may remark that in crying herring they never told the price:—



The Shields women cried as follows, and who does not remember "Highland Bet" and her lusty daughters?—



The cry of the coal carter as given by Mr. Haswell is also unfamiliar to me. It was as follows:—

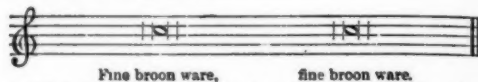


I think Mr. Haswell must be alluding to the unmelodious voice of poor old Tommy Kell, but then Tommy was like

nobody but himself. There are many more cries familiar to me, from the



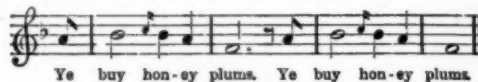
of poor old Marget to the



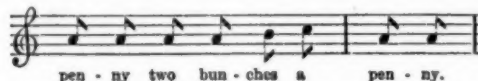
of Mally Kelsey. One singular thing in connection with these cries is that in Antwerp one hears the women crying their wares in exactly similar tones.

W. D., Lowestoft.

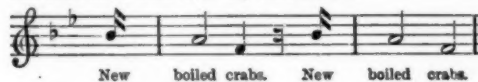
One of the most beautiful of street calls, lingering on the summer air like a breath from scented orchards, was that given below—



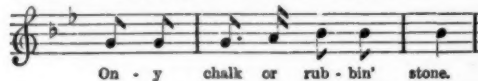
The market garden as well as the orchard had its songster. She came jogging along, arms akimbo, a well-laden basket cleverly balanced on her "weeze," and singing as she went—



The Cullercoats fish-wife with a creel-full of crabs had, and has still, I believe, a very effective call—



I can recall only one more of the many cries which once upon a time re-echoed in Shields streets and lanes—that with which the "rubbin'-stone" vendor used to warn her customers. Here it is in all its native simplicity—



D. C., Edinburgh.

THE POET CLOSE.

Perhaps the following anecdote of the Poet Close may be of interest to your readers:—

Some years ago, five gentlemen arrived at Windermere by a late train and put up at the Royal Hotel. They had read about the celebrated Lake Poet in *Punch* and the newspapers; and, having upon inquiry learned that the eccentric old gentleman was then at Bowness, they purposed to make themselves merry at his expense. Accordingly, a waiter was sent to the poet's lodgings with the request that he would return with the messenger to

the Royal Hotel, where some gentlemen wished to see him. The poet was smoking his pipe in front of the fire, preparatory to retiring for the night, but, having always an "eye to business," was nothing loth to accompany the waiter.

"How many gentlemen?" he asked.

"Five," was the reply.

"Then," said he, "they will want *five sets of my books*."

He immediately proceeded to put up five sets of his books to take with him.

On arrival at the hotel, he was introduced to the gentlemen, and said he supposed, as they had specially sent for him, they would want to buy his books, and he had, therefore, brought each of them a set. The gentlemen looked at each other somewhat taken aback; but one of them, quickly recovering, answered:—

"Quite right, Mr. Close. How much?"

The poet replied: "Ten shillings each set, gentlemen."

The books quickly changed hands, the poet smilingly pocketing the five half sovereigns. He was then invited to drink with them. The gentlemen now, looking forward to their coming enjoyment, called the waiter to bring a bottle of port, and one of sherry. Mr. Close was asked what he would take.

"Gentlemen," said the poet, as the wine was placed on the table, "you have surely not ordered those for *me* at this time of night?"

"Oh, yes, certainly, we have," was the reply.

The poet, taking up a bottle in each hand, said, "Well, gentlemen, it is very kind of you," and he put the bottles into his coat pockets. "*My wife*," said he, "is partial to sherry, and *I* like port. So I thank you very kindly, gentlemen. Good evening."

Before another word could be said, the poet had gone, leaving the would-be jokers looking at each other in blank amazement.

"Done, by Jove!" was the general exclamation.

F. N. R., Barrow-in-Furness.

THE GREENWELLS OF BROOMSHIELDS.

Broomshields Hall, the seat of the Greenwell family, is a neat modern mansion a little to the south-west of the village of Satley, four miles from Lancaster, in the County of Durham. It occupies a pleasant position, overlooking a well wooded gill or dene, through which flows the Pan Burn, a truly sylvan streamlet, one of the tributaries of the Browney, the Wear's greatest affluent.

The Greenwell family, of Norman origin, is second to none in the county of Durham in antiquity, and is one of the few now remaining in England who retain in their male line the estates which gave them a name. The earliest mention of the branch of the family (for it had numbers of scions scattered over West Durham) at this estate is in the reign of Henry VIII. (1488), when Peter Greenwell resided at Bromesheles; and from that date, now more than four centuries ago, the family have held the patrimony.

Thomas Greenwell, born 1736, died 1817, married in 1774 Eleanor, daughter and heiress of John Maddison, Esq., of Hole House, near Alanstord, county of Durham, whose ancestors had held that estate from 1595. Besides an only son, he left three daughters—Eleanor, Mary, and Elizabeth—who never married, but resided at Broomshields Cottage, near the hall, and died in extreme old age—at the ages of 96, 86, and 89 years respectively.

John Greenwell, son and heir, born 1785, was for more than fifty years an active magistrate for the county. He

married Elizabeth Greenwell of the Ford, near Lancaster, the daughter of a remote kinsman, and aunt of Dora Greenwell, the Durham poetess. He died in 1869, and was buried at Lancaster. A beautiful stained window erected to his memory is in the south wall of Satley Church. Thomas Greenwell, the only surviving son and heir, born 1821, graduated M.A. at St. John's College, Oxford, was in his year sixth wrangler, and was called to the bar in 1847. He married Georgina, daughter of Mr. Bridges, London, by whom he had a numerous issue. He died 1874, and was buried at Satley.

The estate is now the patrimony of his eldest son, Mr. F. W. Greenwell, formerly editor of a popular periodical, author of "*Dissertations on the Apocalypse*," &c., and now residing in Florida, U.S.

Broomshields, in the time of Bishop Hatfield's Survey, 1377-1380, was a township by itself, and was divided into several parcels. These portions have since become amalgamated with the adjoining townships. The arms of the Greenwell family is one of the grandest in the North of England—Or, two bars azure between three ducal crowns gules.

J. W. FAWCETT.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A CAREFUL LAD.

A lad from the neighbourhood of Choppington came to Newcastle, and bought a topcoat. Getting intoxicated, he pawned the coat the same day. The next morning, when his mother asked him where the ticket was, he said:—"Wey, thoo sees, aa wes feered aa wad loss't, se aa gav't tiv a publican for a glass o' yell!"

WHERE THE QUEEN LIVES.

An old woman who resides at Byker was asked where her daughter Mary was living. "Oh," was the reply, "at Windsor Crescent." "Wey," was the observation, "aa thowt she'd got a plyce as norsemaid in Victoria Square!" "Yor reet, and aa's wrang," said the old lady; "aa knaa'd it wes yen o' them streets whor the Queen lives!"

LONG STOCKINGS.

A miner entered a drapery establishment at Seaham Harbour one day. He was accosted by the master of the establishment as to what he could serve him with, when the customer asked to see some "lang stockin's." After having had about a dozen pairs to inspect, he said that "nyen o' them wad de for him." "Well, how's that my good man? These are long enough." "That's aall reet, mistor, but aa want a pair o' bow-legged yens!"

PARADISE.

According to a famous old story, one Patrick Long had occasion to remove from Blaydon to Paradise. On the day of his removal the river was much swollen from recent rains; the haughs, in fact, about the different parts of the

river being completely covered with water. A few months after this Patrick found himself in the Assize Court, and in the course of his examination was asked his name. "Patrick Long," was the reply. "Where do you live?" "Paradise." "Where?" said the Judge, half inclined to be severe. "Paradise, sor." "Aye, and how long have you lived there?" "Ivvor since the flood," was the reply. Here the judge was about to administer a rebuke, when a local solicitor, interposing, explained the circumstance.

PIT LADS AT SEA.

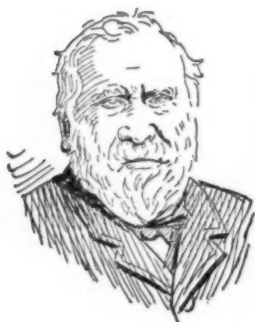
A couple of pit lads were on board ship during a storm. Snugly seated in the cabin, one of them asked the other who had just been on deck—"What kind o' weather is't?" "Eh! man," was the reply, "it's a sair neet at bank!"

THE REVOLUTION OF THE EARTH.

In a public-house in the neighbourhood of Blaydon, the conversation turned upon the earth revolving, when an old man said, "Aa'll nivor believe the world gans round. Aa've hard it mony a time, but neboddy 'll ivvor persuade me that." One of the company drew an imitation of the globe, and proceeded to explain, when the old gentleman stopped him. "It's ne use," said he, "it's ne use tho' trying ta shove that down ma throat. Aa've had far aader yens than tho' at ma, and it's aa'll been ne use." "Well, but," replied the other, "listen." "Na, na," continued our old friend, "aa can prove that aa's reet. Aa've wrowt in the pits sin aa was nine year aad; aa've gan in both forst and back shift; and aa've gan into the hoose all hoors of the neet; and the Black-hill cinder yovens wis aalways opposite wor back door!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 12th of November, 1890, Mr. Alderman Thomas Hedley, J.P., died suddenly at his residence in Fenham



ALDERMAN THOMAS HEDLEY.

Terrace, Newcastle. Born at Harnham, in Northumberland, on the 22nd of April, 1809, the deceased gentleman was in the 82nd year of his age. Mr. Hedley was the founder of the firm of Thomas Hedley and Company, soap manufacturers, New Road. He entered the Town Council as one of the representatives of East All Saints' Ward on the 1st of November, 1853, and he had held the position of alderman since the 13th of

November, 1866. In 1860-61, he served as Sheriff, and in 1863-64, he filled the office of Mayor. Mr. Hedley was also prominently associated with several local commercial undertakings. The chief of these was the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company, of which for nearly twenty years he had been chairman.

The same day, the remains of Mr. Featherstone Martindale, a Weardale poet, who had died on the 8th, were interred at Westgate.

Mr. George Greenwell, a leading tradesman and magistrate of Durham, died in that city on the 14th of November, in the seventieth year of his age.

On the 15th of November, Mr. Ambrose Walker, J.P., died at Stafford House, South Stockton. The deceased, who was proprietor of the pottery at South Stockton before its transfer to a limited liability company, was about 60 years of age.

On the same day, died Mr. Thomas Charles Johnson Sowerby, late of Snow Hall, Gainsford, aged 53. He was a magistrate for North Yorkshire, and was a well-known athlete and gentleman jockey.

The death was announced on the 17th of November, of the Very Rev. George Curry, of Dodding Green, near Kendal, for some time connected with the Roman Catholic Missions at Bishop Auckland and Hutton Henry, in the county of Durham. He was in his 74th year.

On the 17th of November, Jesmond Cemetery received the remains of Mr. Michael Ewbank, who sixty years ago was a well-known figure on the Quayside of Newcastle, where he carried on the business of a shipbroker. He was brother of Mr. John Wilson Ewbank, the painter, and was a native of Gateshead. It is nearly a generation since the deceased retired from business and settled at Morpeth, where in his ninetieth year he died.

Mr. George Angus, founder of the firm of George Angus and Co., leather merchants, sometime ago converted into a limited liability undertaking, with branches in Newcastle, Liverpool, London, and Cardiff, died on the 18th of November, at his residence, Low Gosforth Hall, near Newcastle. Mr. Angus, who was 69 years of age, was a prominent member of the local Baptist body, and had for a short time a seat in the Newcastle Town Council. The deceased gentleman left bequests to a number of local charitable institutions, to the amount of upwards of £2,000.

The Rev. Canon Kearney, a well known Roman Catholic clergyman, also died on the 18th of November, at Darlington, aged 70. He commenced his clerical life in Newcastle in 1847, but in 1849 was transferred to The Brooms, Leadgate, with which he retained his connection to the last.

Mr. William Waggott, who in his youth was an active Chartist, died at Sunderland, his age being 76 years.

On the 20th of November, Mr. William Laing, of Carlton Villa, Benton, died at the advanced age of 86 years.

Mr. Henry Greenwell, J.P., formerly Registrar of the Durham County Court, died on the 23rd of November.

On the 23rd of November, the remains of Mr. Thomas Taylor, tyler to the Fawcett Lodge of Freemasons, and formerly a shipmaster, were interred in the cemetery at

Seaham Harbour. The deceased had been a resident in that town for nearly sixty years.

Mr. Robert Vint, long connected, as part proprietor, with the *Sunderland Herald*, and one of the founders of the Sunderland Water Company, died at the Cedars, Sunderland, on the 23rd of November. The deceased, who was a native of Blyth, and was at one time a chemist, was in the 83rd year of his age.

Dr. Edwin Douglas, a medical gentleman in practice at Morpeth, died suddenly in that town on the 25th of November.

Mr. George Edward Watson, coroner for North Northumberland, and the holder of a number of other public offices, died at Alnwick on the 28th of November, at the age of 54 years.

On the same day, at the advanced age of 95, Mr. John Nesbitt, farmer, one of the oldest teetotallers in the country, died at Paxton South Mains, near Berwick-on-Tweed.

Mr. Joshua Coke Monkhouse, late estate agent at Egglestone, in Teesdale, and father of Mr. Monkhouse, of the firm of Monkhouse and Goddard, accountants, died at Barnard Castle, on the 30th of November, at the age of 76 years.

On the 2nd of December, news was received of the death of Hardcastle Bey (brother of Dr. Hardcastle, surgeon to the Newcastle Gaol), at his residence in Alexandria, Egypt. The deceased was a son of the late Dr. Hardcastle, of Newcastle, who was married to a sister of the late Mr. R. P. Philipson. Mr. Hardcastle was one of the railway engineering pupils sent out by Robert Stephenson, the great engineer, to superintend the laying down of the first railway in Egypt, and was afterwards appointed chief engineer. His services under the Egyptian Government lasted forty years. Latterly, Mr. Hardcastle took up another sphere of work, transferring his abilities from the railway to the department of ports and lighthouses, filling the position of Deputy Controller General. He witnessed the bombardment of Alexandria by the fleet under Admiral Seymour (now Lord Alcester); and for services rendered during that period, as well as for former good work, he received the rank of Bey, the highest under the Turkish empire. Hardcastle Bey was over 60 years of age.

Mr. Thomas Hallam, Borough Accountant, Middlesbrough, died after an exceedingly short illness on the 4th of December, at the age of 57.

On the same day, Mr. Charles Marvin, journalist, author, and lecturer, died at his residence in London, at the age of 35. The deceased, among other literary work, had, as the result of a special mission to Russia, contributed a series of able articles to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* on the Central Asian question. They were afterwards published in book form under the title of "The Russian Advance Towards India."

On the 8th of December, the death was announced, at the age of 103 years, of Patrick Quin, at Cowpen Quay, Blyth. The deceased, who was a native of Ireland, had been thrice married, and at the time of his death had 30 children, and between 80 and 90 grandchildren.

The same evening, the Countess of Ravensworth died somewhat suddenly at Ravensworth Castle. The deceased lady was a daughter of the late Captain Orlando

Gunning Sutton, R.N., and was married to the Earl of Ravensworth in 1852.

At the age of 77, Mr. George Hutchinson, one of the earliest managers at the Elswick works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., Newcastle, died on the 9th of December.

On the 9th of December, the remains of Sergeant David Jackson, late of the 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, who had been engaged in active service in the Crimean and other campaigns, were interred in Alnwick Cemetery.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

10.—A swallow was seen at Blaydon Burn.

11.—Mr. John Bryson, of Blyth, was presented with a solid gold albert and medal for his heroic service at Warkworth, in saving some of the excursionists from a watery grave.

12.—A monument to perpetuate the memory of Dr. Carlo Pallotti, late Italian Vice-Consul in Newcastle, was unveiled in Jesmond Cemetery.

—Foundation stones were laid for a new Congregational Church in Sorley Street, Sunderland.

—Mr. Hunter resigned his position as superintendent registrar of births, deaths, and marriages in Newcastle, and Mr. Morison Johnston was afterwards appointed by the Newcastle Guardians to the vacant office.

15.—An alarming explosion occurred at the Middlesbrough Corporation Gasworks. A considerable portion of the works was blown to atoms, and the engineman, named William Ogden, was killed and buried in the debris. The town was in a state of darkness for two nights owing to the accident.

16.—According to annual custom, the new Mayor (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) of Newcastle, attended by the members and officials of the Corporation, attended service at St. Nicholas' Cathedral. The sermon in St. Nicholas was preached by the Bishop of Newcastle; and the collections, on behalf of the medical charities, amounted to £144 3s. 4d. The day was similarly observed in other Northern boroughs.

—Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, dramatic author, lectured in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, his subject being, "On Being Rightly Amused at the Theatre."

17.—A boiler explosion occurred at Palmer's shipyard, Jarrow, whereby George Scanlon was killed, and George Porthouse and Robert Johnson were severely scalded.

—The Bishop of Durham presided at the annual meeting of the Newcastle and Gateshead Branch of the Peace Society, in the Town Hall, Gateshead.

—By a majority of 31 to 18, the Newcastle City Council resolved to purchase Byker Bridge for the sum of £107,500.

18.—The mutilated dead body of a German workman,

named Philip Kirschmann, 37 years of age, was found in a pond at South Bank, near Middlesbrough; and on the following day a coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

—As the result of a poll it was found that, in response to the offer by Mr. T. Wrightson, J.P., to erect a handsome building for Free Library purposes, the owners and rate-payers of South Stockton had resolved, by a large majority, to adopt the Public Libraries Act.

19.—The Durham colliery owners resolved to advance the wages of their workmen by 5 per cent. from the 29th of December, 1890, and the 5th of January, 1891. The men accepted this arrangement.

—Mr. W. B. Wilkinson, J.P., was elected chairman, and Mr. Edward Leadbitter deputy-chairman, of the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company.

—A little boy, between three and four years of age, son of George Oughton, miner, was accidentally drowned in the river Wear, at Bishop Auckland, near the spot where, only a year previously, a brother of the deceased had met with the same fate.

—Dr. Lunn, a leading member of the Wesleyan body, preached in the Wesley Hall, Beaumont Street, Newcastle.

—The bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society was awarded to Joseph Craig, son of the Ouseburn hero, for a gallant feat of life saving, performed in the river Tyne at Newcastle on the 23rd of September. The medal was formally presented by Mr. Alderman W. D. Stephens in the Central Hall, Newcastle, on the 6th of December.

20.—George Sterling, formerly assistant-overseer of Elswick township, Newcastle, was brought from London, where he had been arrested; and on the following morning he was remanded by the Newcastle magistrates on a charge of having made certain false entries in a banker's pass-book belonging to the overseers.

21.—Senor Sarasate, the celebrated Spanish violinist, gave a performance in Newcastle.

22.—A concert in aid of the proposed memorial to William Shield was held at Swalwell, of which village the celebrated musician and composer was a native.

—Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., addressed meetings at Backworth, and on the following evening he presided at a meeting held under the auspices of the Socialist Sunday Lecture Society.

—A woman named Jane Gibson, 63 years of age, was accidentally killed at the Teams, on the North Eastern railway, her head being literally severed from her body.

—Arrangements were concluded whereby Washington Hall, in the county of Durham, the property and once the residence of Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, was placed by that gentleman at the disposal of the committee of the Gosforth Home for Waifs and Strays.

23.—At the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Oakley Hall, late Mayor of New York, under the title of "American Views in an English Mirror."

—The Rev. C. P. Sherman preached a farewell sermon as curate of St. Paul's Church, Newcastle, previous to his removal to St. John Lee, near Hexham. He was inducted into his new charge on the following day.

—Mrs. Walker, wife of a farm labourer near Consett, gave birth to three children, all boys.

24.—Mr. Thomas Burgess Winter, optician, was elected an alderman of Newcastle.

—It was announced that Mr. Stephen Scott, of Harrogate, formerly of Newcastle, had given the sum of £1,000 to the Newcastle College of Medicine for the purpose of founding a scholarship to promote the study of hernia and allied complaints.

—During a gale, Thomas Stephenson and David Young, two pilots, were drowned by the upsetting of their boat off the mouth of the Tyne.

25.—The Rev. Father Wood, who for seven years had been pastor of St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church, Newcastle, was presented with an address and a purse of gold, on the occasion of his departure for Tow Law.

—Mr. J. B. Radcliffe, a member of the staff of the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, was presented with an address and a cheque for £315, with a diamond bracelet worth £105 for Mrs. Radcliffe.

—A verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown was returned by the coroner's jury in the case of Richard William Forsyth, the young man who had met with his death so mysteriously in Gateshead. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, page 575.)

26.—A complimentary dinner was given in the Council Chamber, Gateshead, to Mr. Alderman John Lucas by his colleagues and friends, in recognition of his services as Mayor of the borough during the two municipal years 1888-89 and 1889-90.

27.—Mr. Richard Welford, author of "Men of Mark Twixt Tyne and Tweed," was elected a director of the Tyne Steam Shipping Company.

—A man named Edward Walls gave himself up to the police authorities at Sunderland, stating that he had stabbed a man called Dennis O'Neill in Low Friar Street, Newcastle. The police officials in that city, on being apprised of the circumstance, proceeded to a marine store shop in the thoroughfare in question, and found the body lying beneath two bales of paper. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Walls; and he was afterwards committed for trial by the magistrates on the same charge.

28.—Mr. Arthur Grant, M.A., in connection with the Cambridge and Durham Universities Extension movement, delivered in the Nelson Street Lecture Hall, Newcastle, the first of a series of popular free lectures on the French Revolution.

—Three persons were injured by the bursting of a hot water pipe used for heating in the fuse department of the ordnance works at Elswick; and one of the number, James Tulip, 16 years of age, died on the following day.

—The Lord Bishop of Newcastle appointed the Rev. James Henderson, Clerk in Holy Orders, M.A., Rector of Wallsend, and the Rev. Henry Frederick Long, Clerk in Holy Orders, M.A., Vicar of Bamburgh, to be Honorary Canons of the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas.



R. W. FORSYTH.

30.—Mr. Wedmore, art critic of the *Standard*, was the Sunday evening lecturer at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, his subject being "The Life and Work of Turner."

DECEMBER.

1.—A new Constitutional Club, built at a cost of £6,500, was opened at Sunderland.

—The Empire Variety Theatre, a new place of entertainment in connection with the Royal Scotch Arms, Newgate Street, Newcastle, was opened to the public for the first time.

—The Rev. E. B. Hicks, B.A., was presented with a purse of gold on the occasion of his leaving Newcastle for Killingworth.

—A fine specimen of the white-tailed eagle was shot at Eshott, Northumberland. It measured 7 feet 6 inches from tip to tip, 39 inches in length, and weighed 10 pounds 6 ounces.

—At Durham Assizes, the bill against George Spencely for the manslaughter of Joseph Cooper, at Coundon, was thrown out by the Grand Jury; and William Stavely, who was convicted on the 4th, was sentenced to two months' hard labour. (See page 573).

2.—Mr. T. Burt, M.P., was entertained to dinner by the members of the Eighty Club in London.

3.—Mr. T. Eustace Hill, M.B., Health Department, Birmingham, was appointed Medical Officer of Health for South Shields.

—Mr. Albert Grey despatched from Longhoughton Station, to Palatswie, in South Africa, on behalf of the South African Company, three bulls as a present to the principal chief of that part of the interior of the African Continent.

—Miss L. E. Pease, daughter of Sir J. W. Pease, M.P., of Hutton Hall, was married to Mr. Gerald Buxton, eldest son of Mr. Edward North Buxton, late chairman of the London School Board.

4.—It was announced, sad to say, that beautiful specimens of the red-throated diver and young skua had been shot on the Northumberland coast.

—A local committee was appointed at a meeting in the Newcastle Council Chamber to aid the National Association for the discovery of the best and most economical means of preventing black smoke from factories.

—At a meeting of the committee of the Newcastle Royal Infirmary, a special vote of thanks was accorded to Dr. John Rutherford for his very valuable gift of lymph which he had received from Dr. Koch, of Berlin, for the treatment of consumption. On the 9th, four patients were inoculated with the liquid at the Infirmary, in the presence of a large number of local medical gentlemen and students. There were three cases of tuberculosis and one of lupus.

—At Durham Assizes, a man named John Forster pleaded guilty to the manslaughter of Elizabeth Forster, at Gateshead, on September 2nd, and was sentenced to nine months' hard labour.

5.—A new Salvation Army Temple in Westgate Road, Newcastle, capable of accommodating 2,800 persons, was opened by "General" Booth, who in the evening addressed a large assemblage in the same place on his social amelioration scheme, entitled "Darkest England, and the Way Out." The chair was occupied by Mr. Ald. W. D. Stephens, and subscriptions to a considerable amount were announced.

6.—A branch of the National Home Reading Union was formed for Newcastle and Gateshead.

—Miss Alice Simpkin, a young violinist, played with much success at the People's Concerts, Newcastle. The accomplished little lady began her musical career on Tyneside, but is now a pupil of Herr Hollander at the



Alice Simpkin.

Guildhall School of Music in London. Miss Simpkin is an early member of Uncle Toby's Dicky Bird Society. Moreover, she composed the music for a Dicky Bird song that appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* on October 25th.

7.—The weekly lecture in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, was delivered by Dr. Andrew Wilson, editor of *Health*, his subject being, "Is Evolution a Fact?"

8.—The Natural History Museum, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, after having been fitted in every part with the electric light, was opened to visitors, for the first time, between the hours of seven and nine in the evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Ritson, of Woodley Field, Hexham, celebrated their golden wedding.

—The Carl Rosa Opera Company commenced a series of twelve nights and two morning performances at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

9.—At the York Assizes, Robert Kitching, aged 34, market gardener, was found guilty of the murder of Police-Sergeant Weedy, at Leeming, near Bedale, on the 19th of September. The jury recommended him to mercy. Sentence of death was passed in the usual form.

—A portrait of Thomas Haswell, for nearly fifty years the head-master of the Royal Jubilee Schools, North Shields, was unveiled in the Public Library of that town, and a medal in honour of Mr. Haswell was presented to the dux of the schools.

10.—Operations were commenced at six of the salt pans recently laid down near the North Ormesby toll-bar, Middlesbrough.

—A fire, causing a considerable amount of damage,

broke out in the drying shed of Messrs. Gray's extensive shipyard, East Hartlepool Docks.

General Occurrences.

NOVEMBER.

11.—The British cruiser *Serpent* was wrecked off Cape Buck, on the north-west coast of Spain. Of the crew of 176 only three were saved.

—A collision occurred on the Great Western Railway near Taunton. Ten people were killed and many others injured. Among the killed were two North-Countrymen—Joseph Reed and John Edward Morris—who were returning from South Africa.

14.—An extraordinary edition was published of the *German Medical Weekly*, which contained an article by Dr. Koch on his discovery of a cure for tuberculosis.

—John Reginald Birchall was hanged at Woodstock, Canada, for the murder of Mr. Benwell.

15.—The body of a school teacher, Elizabeth Holt, which was discovered near Bolton, bore unmistakable evidence that the girl had been brutally murdered. A man named Macdonald confessed that he had done the deed.

—The election for Lord Rector of Glasgow resulted as follows:—Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, 948; Lord Aberdeen, 717.

—Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh, with 1,378 votes; Sir Charles Russell, the other candidate, obtained 805 votes.

—An action was brought by Captain O'Shea for divorce against his wife, Mrs. O'Shea, on the grounds of her adultery with Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, a decree *nisi* being granted by Mr. Justice Butt. No defence was made by Mr. Parnell; but Mrs. O'Shea made counter allegations against her husband of connivance and adultery with her sister, Mrs. Steele, which were proved to have no foundation whatever.

16.—Death of Mr. Shirley Hibberd, a well-known horticulturist.

—General Seliverskoff, of the Russian army, was found shot at the Hotel de Bade, Paris. The murder was supposed to have been perpetrated by a Pole, named Padlewski.

19.—Lady Rosebery died at Dalmeny Park. She was the daughter and heiress of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild.

—The trial of Irish members of Parliament and others for conspiracy, which was begun at Tipperary on September 25th, was brought to a conclusion. Messrs. John Dillon, William O'Brien, Patrick O'Brien, and John Gullinane were each sentenced to six months' imprisonment, while others were sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

21.—A fierce south-easterly gale prevailed off the coast of Norway, an entire fishing fleet was destroyed, and hundreds of lives were lost.

23.—The King of the Netherlands, William III., died at the Castle of Loo. His Majesty was born on February 19th, 1817, and succeeded to the throne on March 17th, 1849.

—Mr. W. Beckett, member for the Bassetlaw Division of Nottinghamshire, was killed on the railway at Wimbome.

25.—Parliament reassembled after the autumn vacation. A meeting of the Irish party was held in one of the committee rooms of the House of Commons, when Mr. Parnell was received with enthusiasm, and was unanimously re-elected chairman of the party. The same afternoon Mr. John Morley communicated to Mr. Parnell the contents of a letter he had received from Mr. Gladstone, to the effect that, if Mr. Parnell did not retire from the leadership of the Irish party, he (Mr. Gladstone) would renounce public life. The following day another meeting of the Irish party was held, when Mr. Parnell declined to retire, though a majority of his supporters were against him. Three days later Mr. Parnell issued a manifesto to the Irish people, in which he made some remarkable disclosures, the principal of which was an account of a private interview which he had with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. The accuracy of this version of the interview was afterwards denied by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Parnell subsequently offered to retire if Mr. Gladstone would give a guarantee that any Home Rule Bill passed by the Liberals would yield to the Irish Parliament the control over the police, the land, and the judiciary. But Mr. Gladstone declined to say or do anything in the matter while Mr. Parnell remained leader of the Irish party. On the 6th December, about fifty of the Irish members who were opposed to Mr. Parnell severed themselves from the remaining section, and formed an independent party with Mr. Justin McCarthy as chairman. Mr. Parnell proceeded to Dublin on the 9th, and was there received with extraordinary enthusiasm. Among the exciting scenes which followed were the seizure of the office of *United Ireland* by the Parnellites, the recapture of the premises by the anti-Parnellites, and the final ejection of the old staff of the paper.

DECEMBER.

3.—The body of Lord Cantelupe, who was drowned in Belfast Lough on November 7th, was found near the scene of the disaster.

—Death of Lord Cottesloe, who was Chief-Secretary for Ireland during the last years of Sir Robert Peel's Administration, and Secretary for War in 1844-5. He was chairman of the Board of Customs until 1873, and was raised to the peerage in 1874. His lordship, who was 92 years of age, claimed to have been present at the reading of the Budget for fifty years in succession.

—Mary Eleanor Wheeler, charged with the murder of Mrs. Hogg and her child at Hampstead, was sentenced to death.

4.—Death of Mr. Charles Marvin, author, lecturer, and journalist, aged 36. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, page 573.)

5.—Death of Baron Huddleston, one of the last of the Barons of the old Exchequer Court abolished by the Judicature Act.

8.—Six children were drowned at Tipton, South Staffordshire, through the breaking of the ice on a colliery pool.